SENSATION

THRILLING TABLOID STORIES

SIN IN SOCIETY

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SEX COMES OF AGE

How to Win and Hold a Husband

By DOROTHY DIX

Do you know the lures men can't resist? How to get the man you want? How to hold him . . . keep him in love with you? Read this electrifying book by Dorothy Dix, America's authority on love and marriage. It brings you the same sympathetic understanding and fearless counsel that has helped thousands to find true happiness.

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(Before Marriage)

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These are only a few of the many vitally important problems which Dorothy Dix solves for you in *"How to Win and Hold a Husband."*

(After Marriage)

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SENSATION

THE NEW TABLOID MAGAZINE

VOL. I NO. 2

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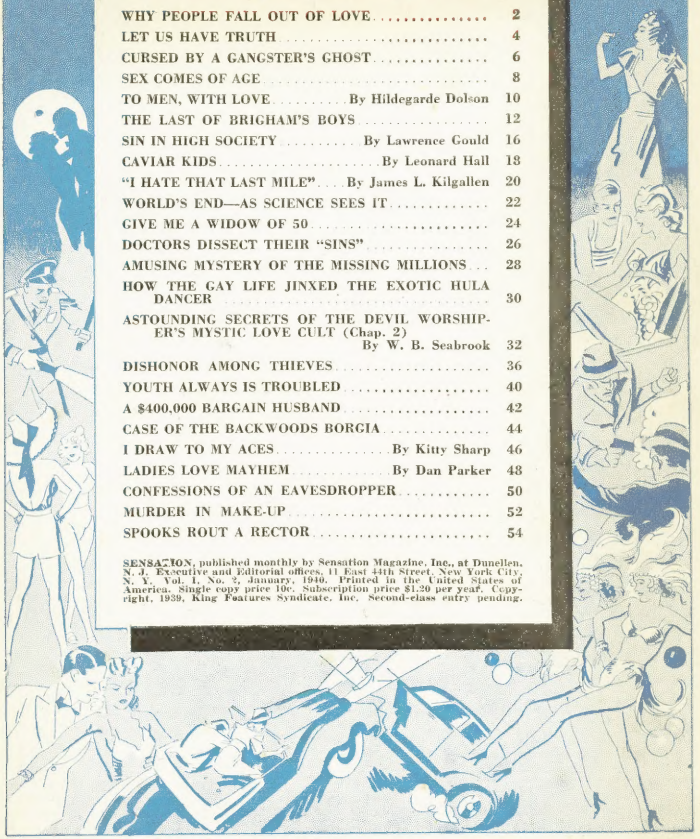


He fell in love with six red-headed girls.

WHY PEOPLE FALL OUT OF *Love*

WE ALL know of couples who are madly in love and think the world well lost for it. Suddenly, instead of fulfillment, there are two broken hearts. The magic that has touched them is gone.

The offices of psychiatrists and doctors are filled with people who have missed out in happiness and have difficulty in getting over their emotional crash. For no problem is graver and more trying than the unromantic business of falling out of love.

The problem was taken to David Seabury, famed psychologist, whose work in life is to receive the troubled and the unhappy and to train his science upon them and their problems.

"First," he said, "how do these people know they are in love?

"Many always assume that they are in love when they appear attracted to each other. And very often I find that they are not in love with each other at all. A man as well as a woman can fall in love with the idea of being in love. Being in love is a nice state of mind. They like the admiration and demonstrations that they get. It's an interesting and exciting thing.

"Very often, when they think they are in love, they are merely projecting on the other person a dream, a fantasy which they had in adolescence.

"They are in love with an ideal," explained Mr. Seabury, "and identify it with the other individual. They are not in love with that person. The girl may have one or a dozen qualities that are like the ideal, and the man is hypnotized into thinking that the whole person is like that.

An expert in solving romantic crises may have your answer here

"After close association with her, he finds that she is entirely different from that ideal and so he falls out of love. This happens constantly in human relations.

"Some early impression that the man had as a child was responsible for his falling violently in love.

"Take the case of John L——. As a child he was very much attached to his mother who had lovely white hands and beautiful red hair. His mother died when he was quite young. He grew up and had only a dim memory of his mother.

"Other interests began to fill his life. In time he became interested in girls, but none ever quite came up to his expectations. He did not know why he was discontented with girls. Then he saw Jane R—— who had lovely white hands and beautiful auburn hair. His heart started to beat rapidly. He felt a tremendous urge to go over to her and take complete possession. He managed to get himself introduced and when he shook her hand, he felt tremendously excited. The moment he looked into her eyes, she struck a sympathetic chord. He was sure he was madly in love with her.

"In a few months, though, he discovered that she was anything but what he had imagined and he fell out of love. He was disillusioned and unhappy.

"I know a man who fell in love with six red-haired girls. Deep in his unconscious was the vague image of a red-haired nurse whom he had adored as a child. He was forever searching for someone like her. When he became better acquainted with the red-haired girl whom he loved, then he quickly got over his temporary obsession.

Only when interest wanes can there be a triangle.

"In the same way, many a girl's love may be something else. Her love ideal may be based on the family doctor or on some popular hero of the day. She thinks she has found her ideal knight when she meets someone who reminds her of her hero. All the old associations well up and she, too, is in heaven."

Such love cannot last because it is not really love. It is not love in the mature psychological sense of the word.

Another reason why love affairs may smash to bits is because the girl may have a perfectionist idea in her mind and a good deal of passion in her physical makeup. Each is in conflict with the other. Psychologists call it the Saint and Satyr complex.

"The girl thinks she wants a man who is a saint, but her passionate nature craves a satyr," said Mr. Seabury.

"In the same way, a man's love may be divided by the Madonna-Venus complex. He seeks a girl who is as perfect as the Madonna ideal, with whom he has no thought of a physical relationship. But then he also wants the love of a woman with whom the relationship is entirely physical.

"In a real love relation, the man is not a perfectionist. He is even interested in the faults of the beloved. He knows that he has some faults himself.

"Very often people fall in love because they are lonely and want someone as a solace. This relationship is apt to break up because the other feels used. The man is not really in love with what the girl is, but what she can do for him.

"Only a creative and not a possessive relationship can be satisfactory. You can only hold the other person to you by being the most interesting one in his life."

For that reason, says Mr. Seabury, he never has seen a triangle situation. As long as two people are focused on each other, no third person can enter. Only when the focus has begun to wane, does a third person get a chance to enter the picture.

Another reason why love affairs break up, he continues, is because the girl plays a role in which she is not herself.

"During courtship she will try to fit herself to her lover's pattern. She will give up interests to please him and cater to his desires. In time the relationship begins to lose vitality.

"It is only by being yourself that you can keep love alive. Let the man see what you really are. If the love relationship can't stand this, it will fail. And it is much better to discover this before you go to the altar."

LET US HAVE TRUTH!

—cry the boys and girls of today as social agency tests bare appalling ignorance on marital matters

WHAT are youngsters really thinking about? Could it be S-e-x? And should we discuss it freely? Or how about using word signs, code, or better yet, just ignoring the whole thing?

Parents who are strong for the "What's-good-enough-for-my-mother" (you know the rest) theory—quick on the raised eyebrow and snickering laugh—are all for Plain Talk, insofar as discussing, with reckless abandon, the love life of the amoeba. . . .

"It would all be very discouraging except for the growing ranks of that intelligent group who, with serene eyes looking calmly out at a world they find good, say "Let's Tell the Truth!" They are the brave souls who believe that questions however embarrassing, should be answered frankly whenever asked, and they're making an honest try to clear up a few thousand years of misstatements which have been cluttering up the minds of youngsters since Hector was a prehistoric pup!

Right up to now little Junior's attempts to get at the pithy Facts of Life—by putting a poser or two to Mother or Dad—have been rewarded by some highly evasive answers. Reverting to a sticky sort of silence that can't be penetrated by any of the home folks from that time on, Tom and Tessie go about finding "things" out for themselves (poor children!) and the results have been pretty terrible.

. . . And so, more often than we care to admit what should be the glorious beginning of a beautiful romance deteriorates into a sordid nightmare of clandestine affection—all grown out of two youngsters' instincts and a woeful lack of facts!

But all this muddling through isn't vaguely funny when one is confronted by the staggering reality that out of 6,000 maternity cases handled by N. Y. State charities within a short period, 2,000 were unmarried mothers! It proves, say the authorities, that the adult world doesn't speak their children's language often enough.

While you're laughing that off let me tell you about some queries put by high school students to Dr. Valeria H. Parker, who is the director of the Bureau of Marriage Counsel, New York. And there are a lot of others which sound pretty goofy but show what a wealth of misinformation has been stored in the minds of babes! Sophistication, naivete, complete ignorance and faulty knowledge are all mixed up—as are the emotions of youngsters who ask them.

A boy asks his teacher, "How far can a girl 'go' with a boy without it doing any harm to either?"

A girl complains to her superiors that, "Some of the boys around here get mad if you won't pet with them. How can this not be done and the girl still get dates?"

Another asks, "How can a girl keep a boy's mind off petting?"

And a youngster inquires the correct parliamentary procedure in case a "man wants a lady to have a baby. How," Perplexed would like to know, "does he go about asking her?"

"Fair enough," Dr. Parker says. "They're simply the by-products of myths which have clothed the biological processes with nasty-niceties resulting in confusing misconceptions.

"It all began," she maintains, eyes flashing, "with the bee-and-flower fable, the cabbage-patch whimsy, the fairy-brought-you legend, the doctor's bag gag and such nonsense down to the explanation (1940 model) given to one youngster recently by his socially-inclined parent, who explained that Junior was something she had won at bridge."

According to Dr. Parker, "the questions begin to take form when a child arrives at the advanced age of about four and a half. And, to cope ably with the situation, all a parent needs is good common sense and a decent vocabulary."

Colleges, generally, are giving courses which take care of sex awakening and preparation for marriage. "The students, themselves," says Professor M. A. Bigelow of Teachers' College, Columbia University, "are initiating the movement.

"Probably 20,000 queries have been put by the students, but one always finds the same questions—perhaps 100 vital ones—asked in as many different ways. The point is that children want to know the plain, unvarnished truth, and it has been decidedly difficult for them to get it."

In the next ten years, Dr. Bigelow believes, 300 of the 500 undergraduate colleges in the country (and that only excludes the 200 which can never hope to have enough money for the purpose) will have permanent "counselling services" attached to the medical departments. They won't be stodgy either—and a girl who finds she's in "trouble" will go there, unburden herself, and have her problem taken in hand by a sympathetic group who will keep her secret inviolate.

That isn't true of most colleges today whose teachers, I have it on good authority, can help a girl out of a difficult situation only on pain of dismissal if they're found out.

But knowledge—indicated by the favorable results of our new trend toward truth—will make for a sharp downward incidence in these personal tragedies.

Just such a tell-'em-nothing attitude is responsible for the extra-curricular experiments which occurred at Huntington Park, California, when nudist parties, involving high school girls and boys, brought six lads to Juvenile Court on a serious charge. The youths were all between 16 and 18 years of age and the police said that after the boys were arrested two girls came to headquarters to inquire about them. The girls were questioned and the officers then began a search for the barn in which the "parties" were held.

Sounds impossible, doesn't it?

But hardly less so than the fact that, at the first lecture in sex hygiene at leading men's colleges "invariably a few boys faint from fright." Dr. Eric M. Matsner, a member of the Advisory Council of the Institute of Social Science at the University of North Carolina says so!

"A college man or girl can graduate with all manner of honors and still be as ignorant of the basic facts of life as a new-born babe," says Dr. Matsner.

"Take the case, by no means isolated, which confronted me recently. A Harvard man had been secretly married for two years. He and his wife had had no marital life because they believed they would immediately have a child!

"Perhaps, too," he added, "a percentage of our high divorce rate stems from the fact that British and American fathers (the Anglo-Saxons) are much more reticent about having frank talks with their sons and brothers than are Europeans, such, for instance, as Italians, Russians or the French. As a consequence foreigners are known to be much better lovers who have profited by information which has been passed on from father to son and in many families from an older to a younger brother.

"In this day and age (*Continued on page 63*)

She wants the plain facts—what course shall the modern father pursue?

CURSED BY A GANGSTER'S Ghost

By FRED MENAGH

Anna Sage Didn't Fear the "Avengers of Dillinger" Until They Threatened the Life of the Son She Loved

BIG-BONED, placid Anna Sage walked down the gangplank of the steamer and landed at Temesvar, Roumania, right in the midst of a cordon of efficient-looking policemen. She, you remember, was the notorious "Woman in Red" who put the finger on the late John Dillinger and then was deported to her native land as an undesirable alien on an old morals charge.

Anna's dark eyes widened questioningly. Then it was explained they had been assigned to guard her constantly from the vengeance of American gangsters.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Anna, disdainfully. "I am not afraid of American gangsters. I am going to spend my time reading poetry."

That's what Anna may have thought—three years ago.

Wasn't she thousands of miles away from America?

Didn't she have the $5,000 blood money she collected for putting America's then chief public enemy on the spot? That was a lot of money in Roumania.

Neither American nor Roumanian police were so optimistic. Years of experience dealing with gangsters had taught them otherwise. They remembered what had happened to Vivian Gordon, Broadway's beautiful red-haired queen of vice. Vivian knew too much about gangland. Her voice was stilled forever by a length of sashcord drawn tight about her white throat. Her murderers were never found.

Many another gang moll underwent the same fate, and for lesser offenses than that perpetrated by "The Woman in Red." More than one woman, fearing gang vengeance, has tried to escape it only to commit suicide in the end. Others have disappeared, never to be heard from again.

Small wonder, then, that the police were so concerned about the safety of Anna Sage. And particularly in view of the cryptic note that turned up on the grave of Dillinger in Crown Point Cemetery, Indianapolis, less than 24 hours after his interment.

"I am going to get her, John. So long, old boy. J. H."

Police, even the Roumanian police, were certain that Anna Sage's days were numbered. "The Woman in Red" just laughed. But that was three years ago. Anne Sage isn't laughing any more. She got over that a long time ago.

Today, according to recent news dispatches, "The Woman in Red" has taken refuge in a sanitarium on the outskirts of Cairo, Egypt. The sanitarium, by the way, is a refuge open only for those suffering from incurable diseases. And so desperately did Anna Sage want to shut the outside world behind her that she is said to have undergone a series of plastic surgery operations designed to give her the appearance of one suffering from a type of tropical disease known as "Chafar." The disease, said to be incurable, is often contracted by visitors to Egypt, or other tropical countries, where they are not accustomed to the burning sun.

The late Jack London, famous American novelist, supposedly suffered from a kindred ailment after months spent under a hot sun in the South Seas. His symptoms suddenly abated, however, after a couple of years of rest back in his native California. The symptoms are extreme lassitude and indifference, followed by an alarming swelling of the extremities and the face. The skin ulcerates easily and is covered with ugly red blotches. As the ulcers clear up they leave deep scars in their wake.

But why would Anna Sage want to disfigure herself to such an extent, and solely for the purpose of shutting herself off from the world? What terror could be so alarming that, even in spite of ample police protection, she should want to go to such drastic means?

The answer is that Anna Sage can't rid herself of the ghost of John Dillinger. The arch criminal, even from beyond the grave, seems to be haunting "The Woman in Red," gaining retribution for her betrayal of him that night in Chicago. No, she wasn't bumped off, or taken for a gangland ride, but her fate seems to be one worse than death.

Facts indicate that it all started no sooner than she landed in Roumania and set out for her native town, Timisoara. Perhaps the police had some inkling of what was to follow, explaining the reason they turned out in force to meet her at the steamer.

Gangland silenced the tattling lips of beautiful, red-haired Vivian Gordon, Broadway vice queen, in this fashion.

John Dillinger (above) seemingly has reached from the grave to avenge his betrayal by Mrs. Anna Sage (left).

Anna's notoriety had preceded her. Too late she decided to resume her maiden name, Anna Cumpanasi, in an effort to lapse back into the peaceful obscurity that had been hers before she set out for America years before. What was more, reports of the sums she had received for turning in the dangerous Dillinger were grossly exaggerated. She discovered that the townsfolk believed she had obtained anywhere from $50,000 to $250,000. They wouldn't believe her denials.

Not only that, Roumanian gangsters promptly singled her out as a perfect blackmail target. That was after she had opened a night club in Timisoara with high hopes for its success. She planned to operate it along the lines of those with which she had (*Continued on page 57*)

SEX COMES OF AGE

The error by error rise of today's straight-thinking women from the eras of bustle and jazz

. . . shocked unfulfillment

. . . she must have stumbled

. . . and gloriously unafraid

NOW, in the glamorous year of 1913, Dorothy was a deb.

Not a deb exactly, for in the small Pennsylvania town where Dorothy lived, debutante was a word applied only to the daughters of Manhattan's rich; not to girls who grew up in sleepy little villages. The girls who exchanged their pigtails for pompadours, their middies and blue serge skirts for hobble dresses, who stayed at home while the boys went off to college, these girls just came of marriageable age.

Dorothy was a favorite name for little girls born at the turn of the century, just as Greta and Connie and Joan are today. Our Dorothy was the daughter of a doctor; and a village favorite, not because she had access to medical books and charts, but for her looks. She was the epitome of early century beauty, all sweetness and light. And she was as good-natured as a fat puppy. Good nature was a girl's best asset in those days; a female who was tense and sullen, with flaring nostrils and a raucus Hepburn voice usually ended up as the town's old maid; with her friends saying smugly, "You catch more flies with honey . . ."

Those were the days of the Bunny Hug and the "Gadfly" and Delmonico's and Stanford White. Those were the days when the Sadie Thompsons had no amateur competition, and no lad in his right mind got fresh with a nice girl. His hands stayed politely at his sides, his kiss was a dry, shy peck, and if he took out the same girl more than twice, it was understood they were engaged. Woe unto the boy who changed feelings mid-stream!

Girls kept hope chests, embroidered pillowcases and nuptial nighties, and baked thirteen egg angel-food cakes, and learned that it was womanly to shut your eyes to anything your husband did on his night out with the boys. What girls never learned were the facts of life, that sex played an important part in a successful marriage, that one needn't have a baby every year. Margaret Sanger was a monster in feminine clothes, to be condemned in whispers by old ladies at coffee klatches. Birth control, syphilis, adultery were spoken of in hushed capital letters; never, never in the presence of Sweet Girl Graduates.

That was Dorothy's background; that was the background of a million other girls. Their parents, babes of innocence themselves, kept their girls sheltered in a warm cocoon of ignorance. Dorothy knew babies weren't brought by the stork, but she wasn't at all sure just how babies did come.

She had a kind of pink and gold beauty; her figure was rather plump, with a tiny waist and full hips, like a Rodin sculpture (they had womanly figures in those days!) She pinched her cheeks to bring out the color, she bit her lips to redden them, and once she used a burned match to darken her brows.

She adored George Barr McCutcheon; she shuddered over the Iron Claw; she was convinced all Chinese laundries harbored secret entrances to opium dens; she thought when you got married, it was for keeps. (No divorces in her family.) She'd never really taken a good look at herself when she was nude; and when going through the Museum of Art, she carefully avoided a full glance at male Greek statues.

There was no hope for adventure for Dorothy, there was only security. Artie was nice. She liked him. But more important, he liked her; and since men, in that distant 1915 usually got what they wanted, Dorothy supposed meekly she'd one day marry him.

When Artie kissed her goodnight, on Sundays, she felt no different than if he were saying, "Pass the catsup, please," but that didn't matter. In their private conclaves, the girls decided "that" came afterwards.

So she married Artie in a rush, the day he enlisted. When Artie left for France, his wife watched his going with a kind of shamefaced relief. She found herself with a curious distaste for matrimony and a shocked sense of unfulfillment.

That feeling stayed with her, after Artie came back, long after Peter and Sarah were born.

By this time, Dorothy's sense of frustration was a permanent thing; Artie was a good provider, but a worse than indifferent lover. He was a stranger, she felt, her mother had been quite right: men were brutes, even the best of them. When she was almost forty, and still rather pretty, she met a business associate of Artie's. She liked him a lot, until he tried to "make" her; then the old revulsion, the fearful sense of frustration and hatred against men for having all the fun, came back and stayed with her. She never saw the man again.

Walk down Fifth Avenue any Autumn afternoon, and you'll see a thousand Dorothys. Women in their forties, with young bodies, dieted to a sylph-like thinness, with old, disillusioned faces. Blondined, heavily madeup, exquisitely dressed, wearing French chiffon hose and Russian sables and cabochon emeralds. Viewed from the back, they look young and attractive; and then you see the puckered, unhappy faces, petulant mouths, the roving eyes. . . .

* * *

If sex blighted Dorothy's life, it ruined completely Gloria's.

Gloria was part of that tragi-comic post war generation who carried over the hysterical promiscuity, the tomorrow-we-die attitude into normal life. Lack of a sane, intelligent sex education ruined both girls, though in different ways.

Gloria was the product of the hectic early 1920s, the flapper era; the age of Chickie and The Plastic Age and Flaming Youth. At 13, Gloria sported an Eton bob, smeared greasy lipstick across her very pretty young mouth (at first she used it when she was out of the house, but later she got more brazen; the first cigarette she smoked in her mother's presence was the banner of a new, strange youth.)

Her family was straightlaced, not pious, but with a rigid sense of duty. They disapproved bitterly of the new generation, and were heartbroken to find their daughter part of it. But they couldn't do any- (*Continued on page* 58)

TO MEN With Love

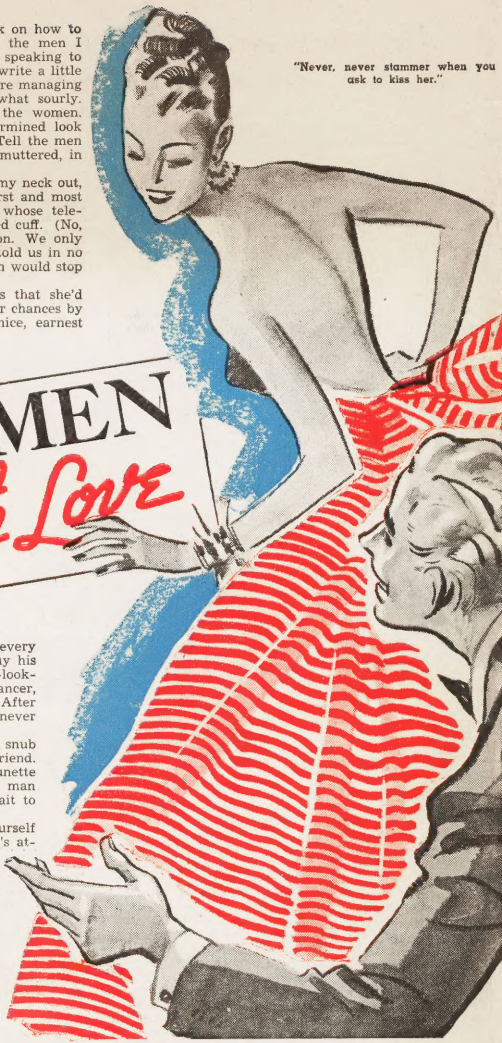
IN a rash moment I wrote a book on how to get a man. After it came out the men I knew (the ones who were still speaking to me, that is) asked me why I didn't write a little opus on how to get a woman. "You're managing all right without it," I said, somewhat sourly. What really broke me down was the women. They closed in on me with a determined look and a load of private grievances. "Tell the men a few things they do wrong," they muttered, in bloodthirsty tones.

Okay, so here I go again sticking my neck out, in a few tips for men only. The first and most unexpected came from a brunette whose telephone number is on many a starched cuff. (No, we cannot give you any information. We only give wrong numbers. Sorry!) She told us in no uncertain terms that she wished men would stop talking up their best friends.

She went steaming on to tell us that she'd known several men who ruined their chances by just such mistaken loyalty. One nice, earnest male in particular spent most of every evening telling her what a great guy his friend Tom was. "He's much better-looking than I am, and he's a swell dancer, and witty—say, is that guy witty! After you meet Tom, I'm afraid you'll never look at me again."

In magazine stories, the girl would snub Tom coldly and marry the loyal friend. But in everyday life, as our brunette pointed out, "I began to think the man was a dope, and I could hardly wait to meet this wonderful Tom."

Another bad move is to give yourself away by over-estimating your rival's attractions. One pretty young actress told us she'd been given a whirl by several men with fat wallets, and still preferred a reporter with more charm than money. However, the reporter insisted on making both the actress and himself miserable by comparing what he spent on her with what the other men spent. When they were eating a 75c Italian dinner, he'd say bitterly, "I suppose you'd prefer orchids and the Stork Club. Your other



"Never, never stammer when you ask to kiss her."

For male guidance only, in the difficult art of getting a woman, as seen through feminine eyes

By HILDEGARDE DOLSON

WHAT THEY REALLY WANT

1. *A certain amount of arrogance. Don't apologize for your inability to take her to the most expensive places.*
2. *Compliments with a sophisticated slant—not the ponderous, flowery variety, but original, personal declarations of appreciation.*
3. *Flattery on their intelligence. Even the dumbest little dodo loves to be told she's brainy.*
4. *No bullying, no "standing up" on dates. They don't like the latter any more than does a man and the cave man technique is passe.*
5. *No hesitation or stammering in asking for a kiss. It's up to a man to know which way the wind blows without asking silly questions.*

men wouldn't have brought you here on the subway, would they? I'll bet you wish you had a date with a Rolls Royce right now, instead of with me." The actress tried her best to convince him otherwise, then finally gave up in despair and stopped seeing him altogether. In telling us, she said, "I like a man who acts a little arrogant. I want him to take me any place he can afford, and not crawl all over the floor apologizing because he can't do as much for me as some other man." That sentiment goes for all the women we know, with the exception of a few dull, patient females who are willing to spend the best years of their life helping a man eat humble-pie. (The kind his mother used to make.)

Actually, we aren't as much a race of gold-digging hussies as you think. A devil-may-care man with only the price of a couple of hamburgers may have us for the asking, if he goes about it right.

For instance, we love compliments, but some men do it well, and some might as well keep their mouths shut. Among the latter species are the men who say ponderously, twenty times an evening, "You certainly are a wonderful girl."

Generally they get a full-grown yawn for their efforts. Unless a girl has never been out with any man but you, she's bored with over-obvious gallantry. One good rule is not to be too lavish with compliments. Another is to take a more sophisticated slant. For example, when you go to a girl's apartment to pick her up for a date, and she emerges looking plenty knock-out, you can say, "You look nice tonight." However, it's much more effective to say, "You wear black better than any woman I know," or "You have a flair for wearing clothes well." There are also men who warm a gal's heart with an even more personal approach. For instance, one damsel told us that when she wears a new hat, her favorite beau always orders her to turn all around, so that he can see the hat on her from all angles.

Then he tosses off some such magic word as "Perfect," and she's walking on air. (I really shouldn't be telling you all this, Mr. Zilch!)

Once a knowing young man was strolling up Fifth Avenue at night with a blonde, and he pointed to a very daring, sophisticated dance dress in a window. "You'd be stunning in that," he said casually. It's remarks like that that have a girl turning hand-springs, and you needn't be a hypocrite to give them, either.

Another thing we've checked with a dozen women—long, flowery compliments that sound as though they'd been in the family for generations are apt to make us laugh out loud.

As for some of the better ways to flatter us—even the dumbest little dodo loves to be told she's brainy.

Just be sure you always remember to compliment a woman on more personal charms, too. (Hair, eyes, hands and so on.) Telling us we're "different from other women" is generaly sure-fire. We believe it!

One warning: we don't like bullying or being "stood up on dates" any better than you do. And it might interest you to know that the cave-man technique is pretty old-hat. Not that we'll waste our time on any man who stammers and says anxiously, "May I kiss you good-night?" or "Why don't you want to drive around the park in a cab with me?" It's up to a man to know which way the wind blows, without asking us all these silly questions.

"Even a dumb dodo likes to be told she's brainy."

THE LAST OF BRIGHAM'S Boys

NOW, Joseph Don Carlos is gone, last of the twenty-five sons of Brigham Young, and there are left only "the girls" to live again in recollection through the dear and dread days when the Prophet's word was law and his wish inspiration through the Mormon empire. Mrs Fannie Clayton, at 68, is the baby of the four surviving sisters, the last born who was welcomed into the world in 1870 when her father was 69 years old. Fannie represents the family in Salt Lake City society

Clarissa, 78, the senior sister, acts as guide for tourists. Ruth, 77, is ailing with the ills of age Mabel, 75, aptly enough, directs genealogical research. Joseph Don Carlos departed to join his even two dozen brothers in the Celestial Regions where the Prophet promised that all unmarried women would be servants for the multiple-mated matrons.

For Brigham Young sired 56 official children by 27 wives of record. How numerous were his unacknowledged progeny remains conjecturable. He was 66 years old when he made his last alliance and in an address four years after he declared he possessed the strength to crash through a troop of soldiers or leap a high wall! Only the law prevented him marrying again.

Clarissa, Ruth, Mabel and Fanny, sole survivors of the bevy of 31 daughters, still recall the period when Party Night was observed in the Lion House over which the Prophet presided. All the sisters, who were neither married for time nor sealed for eternity, received their boy friends together. The bearded Prophet ordered the lights burned high. Love making, perforce, was platonic. Once, when 25 girls were entertaining an audacious gallant put out the lights. Downstairs glided the head of the house, night-shirt flapping, candle burning, to thrust the flame under the nose of every swain and demand explanation as to the honor of the intentions of each youth toward the Young sisters!

Often, too, at ten o'clock, he would appear at the parlor door with his arms full of masculine hats, gathered from the huge rack in the hall, and distribute the headgear to its owners to cue them for a hasty hegira. Legends of President Young's mastery of his ever flourishing family remain topics of conversation today in Utah society.

The ninth child of sturdy colonial stock, he was born on a farm in Whittingham, Vermont, where he said he plowed in bare feet and without enough pants to sit down in safety. He became a Mormon at 30 years when he met Joseph Smith, the martyr founder of the faith. When the latter Latter-Day Saint was slain at Nauvoo, Brigham seized command and led the fugitives to Salt Lake City, where he founded, laid out and developed the present great city. He ruled the community that now includes 700,000 souls down to the last, least detail of life, socially financially, politically and spiritually

The despotism of Dick Croker of the old Tammany Hall, of Huey Long of Louisiana or any other American autocrat looks like ultra-liberal democracy compared to Young's system. The Prophet did not demand mere obedience. He demanded unanimity, declaring himself God's representative on earth and custodian of all money on earth and arbiter of all morals.

"Please, Mr. President, I'm troubled," a young woman said, entering the Prophet's office

He ordered yellow underwear—and cornered the supply!

"Should I wear red underwear or yellow, does God think?"

"Wear yellow," retorted the Great One, emphatically, and the store in which he was heavily interested sold out its stock of yellow goods in a week.

"What shall I do?" wept another woman. "My husband just told me to go to hell. What would God say?"

"Don't go!" proclaimed the Prophet and that settled it. She didn't.

From the Temple pulpit, he thundered celestial defiance of the United States Government and ordered the Mormon Army to war. From the same high post, he swung a long, stinging curse at feminine fashions that were threatening the morals of the flock:

Brigham Young—"Let it be the Mormon Bend."

"Women with cropped hair look as if they had escaped from insane asylums. Long dresses trailing dust and dirt into homes, short dresses that show the garters on women's legs unless men are blind."

He ordered over-exposure and under-exposure stopped. He became a stylist himself—devising a costume that included a sunbonnet and a long cape over a cotton dress beneath which a coarse combination suit was to be worn, with strings used instead of buttons.

Brigham Young preached blood atonement by which adultery was declared a sin punishable with stabbing and stoning to death. Yet he declared polygamous marriage not merely proper but compulsory for women:

"Sisters, do not say you do not want a husband in the Resurrection. You don't know what you want. Brothers, if it is necessary to have a wife, take one. If the Lord permits, take a dozen. Having wives is a secondary consideration, after all. Preaching the gospel is first."

In early manhood, Brigham Young was considered handsome in the fashion of the day. Red-haired and red-bearded, wide-shouldered and strong-thewed, his eyes were gray, his nose sharp and long and his physical power matched by his mentality. Yet he never was known to read a book.

Little he cared what his own flock or strangers thought of him. When he made adultery a death offense, he multiplied his own alliances. He maintained his wives in two adjoining houses, except for his final favorite, Amelia, who insisted on a home of her own and was presented with a mansion. (*Continued on page* 14)

"What are your intentions?"—A young man always faced the danger of such a challenge.

The Last of Brigham's Boys

(Continued from page 13)

All wives dined with him daily and he watched every expenditure to the last penny. When his home was overflowing with offspring, he delivered a sermon against the effect of fashion on feminine figures.

Especially was he incensed when the mode known as the Grecian Bend appeared in Salt Lake City society. This called for a strongly corseted torso which flung women forward above the waist so that the southern facade suggested a bustle. Proclaimed the Prophet:

"At any distance, a man can't tell a woman from a camel! If women have to have a bend in their bodies, let it be the Mormon Bend."

You did not have to walk more than a mile for a camel in that period. The animals were part of the United States Army and many escaped into the desert.

Although he preached that home-spun was proper apparel for all Saints, the Prophet wore broadcloth. He excused this, smilingly, as a concession to "the dear creatures" whom he married and for whom he would do anything, and who desired him to look his dignified best.

Once he proclaimed that women were the greatest of Utah's resources. To which a wit retorted that the Prophet certainly husbanded his resources. At another occasion, President Young asserted that he possessed more authority over Utah than did Moses over the children of Israel and that boast brought forth the rejoinder that Moses was handicapped by not having fathered all of Israel's population. But Brigham Young was not averse to humor over the expansion of the family.

"Every visitor wants to know how many wives and children I have," he said. "Why, I have to tell them they are not on exhibition. Indeed, I say that if I took all my wives and children out of the city together there would be a vacuum here."

He never would officially admit their number, but he gave 90 as the total of his spouses, in jovial, jovian gesture. He may have set the official limit at 27 on the secret records because he did not want to appear pretentious. Founder Joseph Smith, slain in his fortieth year, left 28 widows and the Prophet modestly held his own quota to one less.

"Joseph's life was very short," Brigham said, "so the Lord allowed him special rights."

He married several of the martyred leader's relicts, absorbing them easily into the ever-expanding family circle. The Young birth rate of 56 children to 27 wives appears a small quota per spouse, but the figures do not tell the whole story. "Beloved Emmaline," who's last name ironically was "Free," bore him ten children and was a favorite spouse of the early era. Often, Brigham married three women on the same day.

Once, on historic January 21, 1846, he married Susan Snively and Ellen Rockwood in the morning, dined nobly and married Maria Lawrence and Martha Bowker in the afternoon. Curiously, not one of that quartette bore him a child.

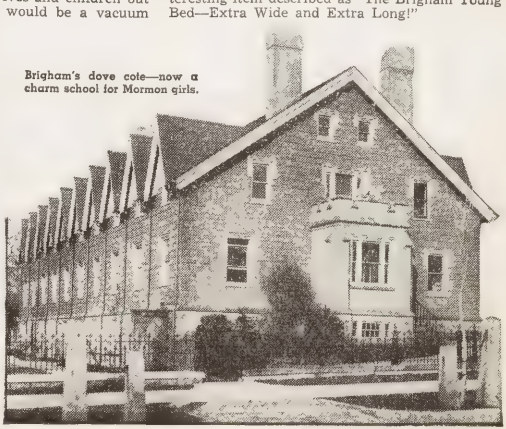
Only one wife ever defied him openly and that was Ann Eliza Webb, last of them all, who was 24 when they were wed.

She sued for divorce, charging him with, of all things, "neglect" as well as cruelty and demanded $200,000 cash and $1,000 a month for life. He was 74 then, but he beat the case by having the courts call the marriage illegal!

The Founder and the Prophet established polygamy by announcement of a divine revelation. They cited the Old Testament and posed as the spiritual successors of David, Isaac, Solomon and other multi-married fathers. All except ten of the Young children lived to maturity. Eighteen widows and 44 children survived their prolific father, sharing in a $2,000,000 estate, when he died in 1877 at 76 years.

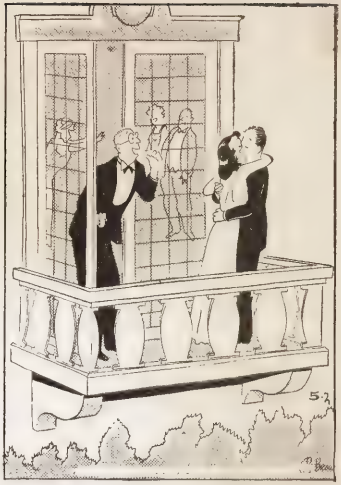
As Governor of Utah Territory, Commisisoner of Indian Affairs and President of the Church, Brigham Young fought for polygamy until he died. Not until 1890, when the United States Supreme Court sustained the law against multiple marriage was polygamy repealed and Utah admitted into the Union later.

Outside the church, the Prophet is remembered through two quaintly contrasting memorials. The silver service of the Battleship Utah bears the Prophet's effigy and among articles advertised by New York shops for bridal furniture is an interesting item described as "The Brigham Young Bed—Extra Wide and Extra Long!"



Brigham's dove cote—now a charm school for Mormon girls.

"You're hired to do the work Miss Murgatroyd is supposed to do!"



"Why don't you two come in? You're missing all the fun."

"I think you're taking me for a ride. Nobody in love has that kind of an appetite!"

"Oh, come in—we're just finishing the dishes."

BY LAWRENCE GOULD
Well Known Consulting Psychologist

Sin in HIGH SOCIETY

GREAT wealth and a secure social standing tend to produce an elastic conscience. It was so in ancient Rome and Egypt, and it is so in our country today. As far back as history can take us, the sins of high society have been the scandal of the lower classes, and a favorite theme for moralists and preachers. They still are, and I suppose they always will be.

A few days ago I had a letter from a young man in a Middle Western city whose conscience is giving him a lot of trouble. He and the young lady he expects to marry have been tempted into getting what they both feel is a lot too intimate with one another, even though they have not "gone the limit." "Though we both swear never to do such things again," he confesses, "the next time it happens again."

Yet nothing has actually happened between these two conscience-stricken youngsters that would not be more or less taken for granted by young people of a somewhat higher social level. If the young man was a student at one of the swanky Eastern colleges and the girl was a debutante, they would merely say (if they discussed the matter at all) that they'd "done a bit of heavy necking." It is the same sort of thing that has been going on, not universally, but pretty widely among the sophisticated young folks ever since the girls first learned to park their corsets in the ladies' room at parties.

Among married people it is no less true that as we ascend in the social scale, we find less and less concern over the conventions, if not over morals. At the very time when the newspapers were full of the "awful goings on of the younger generation," the next older generation, at its country club dances and private parties, was indulging in exactly the same once-forbidden pleasures that the young folks were condemned for. Any country club attendant, if he wanted to—and dared—could tell tales on the married men and women that would make their children seem the amateurs they are.

As an illustration of the greater freedom that goes with a higher social standing, let's picture two married couples going out together for a Saturday afternoon automobile trip.

If the couples belong to what the snobs call the lower middle class, the seating arrangement will depend on how long they've been married. Among newlyweds, you'll see Mr. and Mrs. A—(who own the car) on the front seat, and Mr. and Mrs. B—in the rear. If they have been married some time, Mr. A and Mr. B will occupy the front seat, talking about sports or business, while their wives will sit behind them, discussing their babies and their household problems.

Move up into the next higher income group—the prosperous suburbanites, for instance—and you'll find a different arrangement. Mr. A and Mrs. B will occupy the front seat, while it will be taken as a matter of course that Mrs. A keeps Mr. B company in the back. And unless they are too conscious of the fact that Mr. A can see them in his driving mirror, they will probably go in for at least a mild flirtation.

Now climb, if you can, into the rarefied air of the highest social bracket. For such an occasion a car with four people in it would seem crowded, so Mr. A and his friend's wife naturally start out in his roadster, very likely leaving Mrs. A and Mr. B to use the speedboat. They may or may not wind up at the same place to dine and dance, but it is always possible that they may not meet until late that night, or even the next morning.

Why Science Believes Security Weakens Our Moral Inhibitions

Again, nothing really serious may happen. Among fashionable people, married women always have enjoyed more freedom to have men friends than their humbler neighbors. Governor Loren D. Dickinson of Michigan was shocked at finding married couples "all mixed up" at dinner parties, though this has been the correct thing in such circles for several generations. On Park Avenue, a man who takes a friend's wife to lunch or drops in at her apartment for a cocktail is not presumed to be trying to seduce her, as he would be in most circles.

But the chances of seduction are there, and are probably more often taken than they would be among people of less money and position. Certainly the people whose names appear in the Social Register go in for more divorces than, say, office workers, or mechanics; and while the expense of a divorce is certainly a factor in the situation, there are other factors that are equally important. What Floyd Dell once called "polite adultery"—the casual love affair that neither wives nor husbands think it worth while to get worried about—is at least more frequent in Southampton than at Jones's Beach or Coney Island.

Does all this mean that the men and women of wealth and position are "worse" than the common run of mankind? (*Continued on page 84*)

CAVIAR KIDS

The gorgeous groaners are resentful.

By LEONARD HALL

WE don't mind the New York debutantes and their elder sisters very much. We can view them with tolerant eyes as long as they tend to their puerile business—posing with a mug of milk before the near-zebras of El Morocco, making goo-goo eyes at the beautiful leader of the Stork Club band or taking pot-shots at the languid lads of the Stag Line at genteel and refined Park Avenue orgies.

But doggone their pretty little sequin mess-jackets. They are no longer satisfied with these cunning girlish careers, so suitable to their ages and station! No siree! Inch by inch, these days, the cunning little tricks are nudging their way into places where the sainted Helen Morgan once feared to tread. Not a week passes but what a mess of these kaviar kids yank hundreds of dollars worth of plovers' egg right out of the ruby lips of lovely ladies who adorn the historic and honored profession of exhibiting their physical charms or their entertainment talents for pay.

Beautiful and highly-trained mannequins, gorgeous moaning singers whose trained tonsils bring tears to the eyes of alcoholized gents' pants-tycoons, find their livelihood threatened by the tremendous influx of cute little 18-year-old chits who should still be asking the mater if they should kiss the boy.

As for the herd of professional models, they are even more bitter. As Miss Heloise Winter, the fashionable fur-bearing mannequin, ably puts it, "My good gosh, what good did it do us to walk hundreds of miles with books on our heads and practice the Buyers' Smirk for hours before mirrors? As soon as we get popular enough for good jobs, with careers as Scarlett O'Hara in the near future, a herd of these little Park Avenue kids comes along and work for free—in the name of some sweet charity! It gets a girl sore! Why, they can't walk without stumbling over a bus boy!"

This invasion has reached all all-time peak as of this year. You can't walk into a high-class joint in New York today for a saucer of bubbly and a toothful of pressed duck a la Rue Blondell without having some Stork Club pet slide up to a microphone and begin to mutter. Usually about love turned rancid. And will some able student tell the class why all these ba-ba babes are baritones? Almost without exception they give out the chest tones and they couldn't hit a high C with a baseball bat. In fact, most of their low C's are no bargain, either.

How Baritone Betty, the deb, is just a sour note to the hard-working pro, and she's snatching a lot of folding money from the model lovelies, too!

Obviously, the night-spot monarchs don't hire these dainty dolls because they want to goose-grease the night people, or because they like to hear them sing with all the zest of a dying crow. They figure hopefully that Miss Monica Mink will drag in enough of her classy pals, over a few weeks, to supplement the regular time-wasters and dress the joint with a crowd of droop-chins. So in she comes, dressed high, and gives off "I Love You 'Cause I Love You," twice nightly. And one more competent pro sits in her furnished room and orates.

Profane history tells us that the parade was started by "Evie" Symington, wife of "Stu" and mother of two. Weirdly enough, this belle could really trill, and in three seasons had worked herself up to a reported wage of $1,250 the week at the sanctified Waldorf-Astoria.

After "Evie," they came fast, if not furious.

There was Teddy Lynch, and Elsie Taylor, since relapsed into mere matrimony. A few months ago the list was longer than my nose. Bend an eye on this list of vocal geniuses. Miss Eleanor French sang at the Ambassador, Miss Marion Opulent Pierce has had a fling at the Casanova and Miss Barbara Bannister, a very blonde heiress, has been employed at the Midnight Sun. It is said that the raven-haired Pierce, who was once Mrs. Conkey Whitehead and well knows where her next Silver Fox is coming from, received a century note from a ringside admirer—a silly bit of paper she needs about as much as 20 pounds around the hips. She is said to have turned the scrap over to a jobless chorus girl at the same table. Just a little sister of charity. As for the toothsome Bannister, she is said to wear a chunk of ice to work that would buy the club itself, including the manager, N. T. G., and all the help.

Miss Addie Moffett was to receive some such insult at $750 a week when and if she opened at the Delmonico with that famous scion, Mr. Harry Richman. Miss Ethel Sayers suffered a sprained tonsil at her debut at Armando's, but another gallant trouper from the chinchilla belt, Miss Fredericka Barker, turned loose her young larynx as a pinch-hitter. Why they even imported Sally Clark, complete with new blonde bangs, from Boston to toil ably at the Hotel Plaza, quite forgiving the fact that she was the sister-in-law of Mr. John Roosevelt. This was mighty big of the Plaza, we all thought.

I attended the debut of Miss Cobina Wright, Jr., at the Waldorf, and thus witnessed the laying of an egg that would make an omelette for the entire Seventh Regiment. One of the prettiest young blondes alive, young Cobby couldn't be heard six tables back, possibly because of mike fright. But I want to say that shirty set is loyal to its own. Dozens of her callow pals of both sexes had turned out to honor Cobina, and when she had inaudibly emitted her final torcher they clapped and hollered as though they had just heard Flagstad on a good night.

The society mannequins are an even more cruel threat to the beautiful girls who strut fancy clothes for a living. Promoters of charity luncheons think they will give the gate a fillip by having the season's debutantes wear the fashions of some shop so exclusive that it only contains the boss, one vendeuse and a simpering gigolo.

Recently I counted three of these rackets for the Aid of Indigent Pekingese in two days, and at all three the models were society sprouts.

Practically speaking, all these muscling-ins mean important money. A magnificent-looking thoroughly trained professional mannequin collects between $15 and $25 for such a noon's toil. Thus, since a charity fashion-show racket uses 15 untrained debs, about $300 which would rightly go to the pro models to use in giving their little crippled brothers fiddle lessons is saved for the Pekingese, licked in the battle of life.

As for the so-called "singers", whose baritone murmurs are heard in many of New York's best places these nights, the cash of which worthy professionals is deprived is even more striking. Conning the current payrolls, it is safe to say that these petted, pretty and often incompetent honeys are collecting nearly $2,000 a week.

Small wonder the professional throats and beauties are as sore as a cluster of carbuncles!

A veteran and famed reporter speaks from the heart here—why save Irwin and execute Mrs. Hahn?

I HATE THAT LAST MILE

ANNA MARIE HAHN
. . . *"Please Don't."*

By JAMES L. KILGALLEN
Noted News Reporter

IT'S not only cruel—it's barbarous to take a human life. For a great commonwealth, like the State of Ohio, to "burn" a woman is, in my opinion, a blot on present-day civilization.

Of course, Ohio isn't the only State that does it. I've also seen New York electrocute a woman, and I've seen Pennsylvania do it. Each time my reaction has been the same . . . "It's wrong! It's wrong!"

I feel like apologizing for Society when I say I was right there—less than ten feet from "the chair"—when they executed 32-year-old blonde Anna Marie Hahn, the so-called "poison slayer" of elderly men to get their insurance. I was there, not out of personal curiosity, but as a newspaper reporter doing a job. It was an assignment, and we take assignments as they come—the bitter with the sweet.

This is written long after Mrs. Hahn's execution. The memory sticks with me. For days afterwards I was conscious of a depressive feeling I could not shake off. I don't care what anybody says, witnessing a "legal murder"—as I call this—takes something out of you. Moreover, it deeply offends your sensibilities.

I can still see in my mind's eye that fear-ridden little woman (she was only five feet tall) cringing in that chair with a black mask over her face, piteously crying out:

"Don't do that to me! Oh, please don't! Won't someone—anyone—please help me?"

Of course, nobody could. The law took care of that. Oh yes, it was all very legal. There had been a final appeal to the Federal court. The Governor had refused to intervene. Her time had come.

In her last few moments alive the unfortunate woman had appealed to the Warden (who was standing nearby in the execution chamber) to "Please don't let them do it!", but all he could do was to make a futile gesture and say, "I'm sorry, I can't help you."

There was something degrading about the spectacle, about the whole proceeding. Fifty men were packed into that room, and there was one tiny, lone woman pleading for someone—anyone—to save her.

She was done away with in a less humane manner that they'd kill some poor, stricken dumb animal.

I am reminded of the night (January 12, 1929) when they "burned" Ruth Snyder, "the sash-weight slayer" of her husband, in New York's Sing Sing prison.

It was equally appalling.

Like Anna Hahn, Ruth Snyder collapsed just as she appeared at the execution chamber door. Silence—a terrible silence that strained the eardrums and bore down on the nerves of the witnesses—enveloped the brilliantly lit room of death.

I'll never forget Ruth Snyder's piteous, wailing cry:

"Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned."

And then, as they carried her protesting form into the chamber, and dropped it into the chair:

"Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do!"

That phrase . . . "For they know not what they do" . . . sticks with me, and that was ten years ago.

I remember, too, how pathetic it was that morning (a few minutes after 7) when they electrocuted "Iron Irene" Schroeder in the Pennsylvania State Prison at Bellefonte, Pa. She was convicted of having been an accomplice when her man friend killed a State trooper.

She was so overcome she couldn't—**or at any** rate—didn't—say a word.

They said she "died game."

I doubt if any of them die gamely. I have seen a dozen or more men go, in addition to these three women, and I must confess I never was struck by the last-minute courage of any of them.

Either they were wailing piteously, struck dumb by fright, or putting on a show of nonchalance or bravado. Some of them were buoyed up at the end by spiritual guidance, but Judd Gray was the only one I ever saw who seemed willing to pass on. He gave the impression he felt he deserved what he was getting.

I have talked with many fellow reporters after they have witnessed these "legal murders" and found that almost all of them were unalterably opposed to capital punishment.

I am—definitely.

I don't see that capital punishment is a sure-fire crime deterrent. It seems to me that murders are increasing, if anything. Certainly there are plenty of them.

Anna Hahn was electrocuted on December 7, 1938.

Within forty-eight hours, ten persons had been executed in four States. At Reidsville, Ga., six colored murderers died in one "mass execution" session. Think of what a spectacle of burning flesh that was!

On the train returning from Columbus after the Hahn execution, I couldn't help thinking how strangely "Justice" works in homicide cases.

Take Robert Irwin, of New York, the so-called "mad sculptor" and triple slayer. He "beat the chair" on an insanity plea, even though he had confessed he had killed the beautiful artist's model, "Ronnie" Gedeon, her mother, Mary Gedeon, and a sleeping boarder in the home.

I had covered the trial of Irwin which ended abruptly during the selection of the jury when the State allowed the young man to make a plea to second degree murder. He is now in the Dannemora State Hospital for the Insane serving a 270-year sentence. He had the nerve to tell the judge who sentenced him that he'd be out in ten years.

Yet that other New York "sex killer," John Florenza, perpetrator of the bathtub slaying of Nancy Titterton, got no such leniency.

If civilization progresses in the way I hope it will, I can visualize the time—maybe a few centuries hence—when the occupants of the globe will look back at these days in which we are now living and wonder how a civilized people who lived in modern homes and worked in skyscrapers that were monuments to man's genius could have stood for such things as the lethal chamber, the hangman's noose and the electric chair.

IRENE SCHROEDER
. . . *"Died Game."*

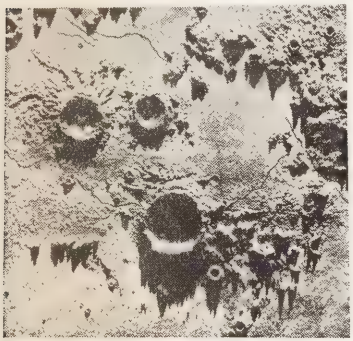
RUTH SNYDER
. . . *"I Have Sinned."*

WORLD'S END— As Science Sees It!

HAVE you ever thought of the moon as a menace to man? Probably not. The man in the moon has never done you any harm, and you think of him, therefore, as a quiet and peaceful old fellow, shining with mellow silver radiance upon quiet countryside or crowded city street. The light of the moon—beautiful and serene—has indeed become a symbol for loveliness. When we picture young lovers, we imagine an aura of moonlight about them. Romantic Venice we remember with the glory of moonlight upon its shining canals. The moon, spreading its benevolent effulgence through space, seems to carry with it no threat to the earth or to man.

But what is really happening to the moon? At the present time the moon is moving slowly, ever so slowly, away from the earth. Surely that sounds innocent enough, as though perhaps our only fear should be that in the ages to come, the earth would lose the beauty of the moon as it moves off into space. If the man in the moon were rushing madly *towards* the earth to keep an early rendezvous there, that might be cause for fear, but what threat lies in movement away?

For approximately the next 50,000 million years, according to the British astronomer, Jeffreys, the distance between the two bodies will continue to increase. And during this time, as is already true today, the rotational period of the earth will be continually slowing down, because of the friction caused by the pull of the great tides raised on the earth primarily by the moon itself. Eventually, as many astronomers believe, about 50,000 million years from now, a stage will be reached where the length of the day will equal the length of the month. That is, the rotational period of the earth will be the same as that in which the moon will go around the earth once. And probably this period of the "month" will be somewhere in the neighborhood of forty-seven of our present days.



Here is an eyeful of moon as seen through the giant telescope at the Mount Wilson Observatory.

Since the length of the day will be equal to the length of the month, inevitably the earth will keep the same side always towards the moon. The people on one side of the earth, consequently, will have no moon at all, while the people on the other half will observe it nightly.

At the end of this postulated 50,000 million years, the theory is that the moon will no longer be driven farther from the earth by the tidal friction, but both sun and moon will cooperate to form tides which will still further slow down the earth's rotational period. The result of this will be to make the moon start coming slowly towards the earth again after uncountable aeons not even estimated by the most daring astronomers.

When the moon has reached a proximity of about 12,000 miles, the gravitational pull of the earth will be so much greater on the near side of the moon than on the far side that the moon will be shattered by the uneven tension and will break up into countless small pieces. These pieces, however, will not all fly off into space, but will probably form a ring around the earth, very much like the rings of Saturn. And then, instead of a brilliant silver moon in the sky, earth-dwellers will see a great ring of billions of tiny moons revolving around the earth, a splendid sight, a permanent arch of brilliance overhead like a mammoth rainbow. BUT—there would probably be no one at all left on the earth to observe the final breakup of the moon or the formation of the ring.

Imagine yourself alive upon the earth on that last day before the moon begins its final disintegration. All during your lifetime and for many thousands of years before you were born, the moon has been a gigantic object in the sky, not a mere paltry one-half a degree in diameter, as it was back in 1939, but spreading out across perhaps one-twentieth of the whole visible sky. During your lifetime you have accepted that kind of moon as a matter of course.

Life, however, has already become a hazardous thing because of increasing tidal waves, earthquakes and volcanic outbursts traceable directly to the close approach of the moon.

Enormous tidal waves, monstrous mountains and walls of water have already spread over the dry land; cities are flooded, foundations of build-

The moon will appear as large as it does in the composite photograph, above, when the end of the world is but a matter of a few hundred thousand years away.

with its great gravitational attraction, pulls and tears at the earth's vitals.

And then the climax! The pull of the earth on the moon is so much *greater*, because of its greater mass, that the moon now cracks and splits, literally torn apart into an infinitude of tiny bits. Lunar debris comes crashing down upon the earth, flaming masses that turn the heavens to fire, burying whole cities beneath them. A noisy, howling wind blows with hurricane force over the desolated earth. Gradually, quiet returns to the devastated planet.

It is just possible, of course, that you or some of your friends may escape this cataclysm of chaos. It is just as possible, on the other hand, that not one living thing—man, animal or plant—will escape, but that all life will be extinguished like the sudden going out of a match. And the sounds of millions of years of life would be silent forever, and across the cosmic reaches of an endless eternity it would be as though man had never existed.

Before this hypothetical break-up of the moon occurs, however, life may be ended on our planet by a celestial traffic accident. No need, perhaps to wait for *this* for billions of years!

The possibilities suggested by such a collision are fantastic and incredible. It is hard, in a world supplied (*Continued on page* 64)

It will draw closer and closer, say the scientists, until it finally explodes and annihilates our terrestrial globe, as illustrated, above, by Louis Biedermann.

ings are being undermined; people have drowned by the millions; the earth is awash with the sea. Where the sea has not yet spread its long arm of devastation, earthquakes roar and grumble, and the earth itself groans and retches as it vomits molten rock, metal and streams of lava over the hitherto habitable surface. The moon,

GIVE ME A WIDOW of 50—

"A medium invoked husbands' spirits and widows' last dollars."

C-R-R-R-A-A-S-S-H-H! The rolling reverberation crossing the country at this moment is not the warning of an earthquake nor the eruption of a volcano nor the herald of a hurricane. The far-echoing blast represents the smashing of an age-old precedent, the falling of an idol, the destruction of what was believed to be an eternal truth!

For centuries, philosophers, cynics and sentimentalists have agreed that the wisest of human creatures is the widow, especially the American widow, specifically, the widow of the big cities. At the approach of a widow hovering over a pleasure resort, wives have huddled together like hens at the shadow of a hawk and maids have trembled like doves.

All of the wile of women was concentrated and distilled in the widow, tradition insisted. Marriage gave her experience and erudition which no maid could possess, widowhood gave her freedom, denied to wives, to use that skill in heart hunting. Adroit and alert, shrewd and swift, audacious and attractive, the widow was flattered and feared as one who knew all the answers and could propound questions beyond the knowledge of those who lacked the combined advantages of matrimony and singleness.

All of which appears now to be flagrantly false, by official records. In affairs of money, the American widow is shown up as a push-over. In love, she possesses little more resistance. And when a question arises in which love and money are involved together, the widow all too often falls like Niagara in Springtime.

Attorney General John J. Bennett's investigation in New York into stock selling uncovered the weakness of widows only recently. He found the names of 1,500 widows of wealth and education on the preferred sucker list of Robert E. Lancaster, of New York, also known as Martin Leach, of California, who was indicted on charges of grand larceny. The index cards listed the age, appearance, fads, follies and wealth of each widow and the addresses extended right across the country. The financial ratings of the prospective victims ranged from $100,000 to $1,000,000 with memoranda on the manner in which the fortunes were invested.

So complete and concise was the listed information that the Attorney General sent a personal letter warning each against buying stock of any kind without legal investigation. He knew, of course, that hundreds of them already had been plucked, some repeatedly, for experience has taught him that the widow who loses rarely learns!

Shaking his head hopelessly, the prosecutor cites incredible examples of the gullibility of widows of wealth:

"One rich woman came to my office and said she had taken $30,000 out of the bank in response to a telephone call from a stock promoter, whom she had never seen. She met him on a corner when he drove up in an automobile. She handed him the money and he drove away. She never saw the money, the promoter or the automobile again. Why should a woman of intelligence and experience act so foolish? I don't know. This woman did not even get a receipt. She did not even note the automobile license!"

Dapper Philip Philbin Jr., was a darling of society.

—so runs the swindler's prayer and he reaps his millions with every tricky weapon of his trade

Equally incredible was the success of William Peterson, alias Baron von Pogner, with women, especially widows. He married one and she had been the wife of one of Chicago's smartest speculators and was herself employed as a financial expert in a reputable brokerage house. But Hilda Hoffman was the first victim of her own spouse, through the Isco Service Corporation, in which he promised to pay fabulous profits on money invested—provided no questions were asked.

He maintained a suite at the Sherry Netherlands Hotel, dined and wined dowagers, until they emptied their purses on his lap, sold their jewels, pawned life insurance policies. He took away $1,000,000 when he fled and one widow yielded $500,000 of it!

Unbelievable? Why this was almost commonplace, mere routine racketeering! Attorney General Bennett capped the climax of the chronology of crime with this classic:

"A woman, obviously a widow from her story, drove to my office in a limousine of the most expensive make, behind a liveried chauffeur. She wore a mink or sable cloak. She was accompanied by a feminine friend, equally expensively attired. They were middle-aged, gray-haired and of evident culture and refinement.

"She stated to Attorney General Ambrose McCall that she had been defrauded of $1,500,000 by unscrupulous brokers. She asked what she could do about it. She was told we would investigate and prosecute if she would name the brokers and file a complaint. She refused to do either. She would not even reveal her own name. She said she had hoped the money could be recovered without publicity, but if she had to appear in court or otherwise reveal her identity to the public she preferred to accept the loss and try to forget it. For a long time, every argument was advanced to convince her that she owed a duty to herself, her family and the community and should expose the crime. She refused absolutely. If she will appear after reading this statement, we may still act but I cannot hope for it. This woman is simply encouraging the fleecing (*Continued on page 60*)

Bewildered patients are beset by specialists

DOCTORS DISSECT THEIR SINS

"Who Shall Decide, When Doctors Disagree?"

ALEXANDER POPE, premier poet, tossed that question at the profession and the public two centuries ago. Today, the interrogation has come echoing back and this time the symptoms indicate that it will be answered before the reverberations cease. Truly, this is the day of the Doctors' Dilemma, with the patients growing impatient for an answer!

The Federal Government is considering a sweeping program of compulsory insurance involving approximately $8,500,000,000 to finance a campaign through ten years for the prevention, treatment, hospitalization and after care of diseases of communicable types.

State, county and city medical associations have joined in the battle royal. It is a battle on a wide front, and the power of the organized medical men is not to be underestimated. There are 145,000 doctors in the United States, of whom 110,000 are banded together in the American Medical Association, an extremely potent organization with a gross income of several million dollars a year, substantial investments in capital assets, a profitable journal of nationwide circulation and a payroll that includes 500 persons.

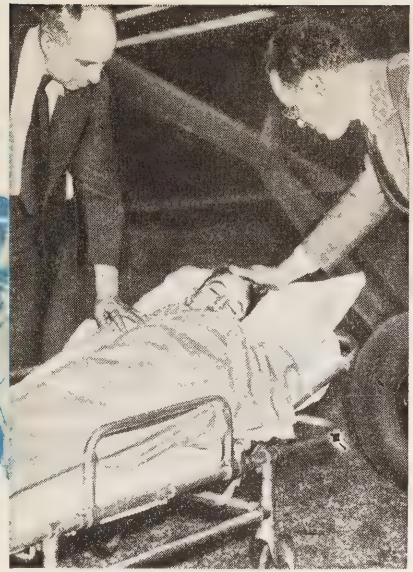
From sick-beds patients have added their voices to the din.

Individual physicians and surgeons are thrusting scalpels and lancets into the conflict. Much of the mystery surrounding the ancient profession from the dark era when Medicine Men were necromancers among savage tribes is disappearing in the dispute. In an over-crowded field, where thousands of doctors are earning less than $1,000 a year, a few are getting rich. The starving majority don't like that and are doing some pointed talking about the high-fee business men in the profession.

Keeping step with the serious and service-without-price medical science, and the often unsung geniuses who are doing brilliant research work, are a horde of the pseudo-specialists who are mixing reckless operating with dabbling in often unproven serums, at high fees, to stimulate their receipts. These fee-splitting business doctors thereby put themselves in a classification similar to ambulance-jumping lawyers, with the exception that the medicos gamble in human lives, the lawyers in human misery and contention.

For the first time, leaders of the profession are attacking the ethics and ability of their associates for too much guessing in diagnosis, too frequent and needless operations and prominent patients are describing their own harrowing experiences. The National Health Survey that showed 17 per cent of persons with incomes of more than $3,000, 28 per cent of those earning $1,000 a year and 30 per cent of families on relief were not receiving medical care for reasons unknown. On the basis of that investigation, the Federal Government began to move in and private practitioners rose against official invasion into a private reservation.

Now, the physician or surgeon without a rigid opinion on the question would be hard to find.



Tiny Jimmy Kappas was rushed by plane to Philadelphia, but was barred from one hospital's life-giving iron lung.

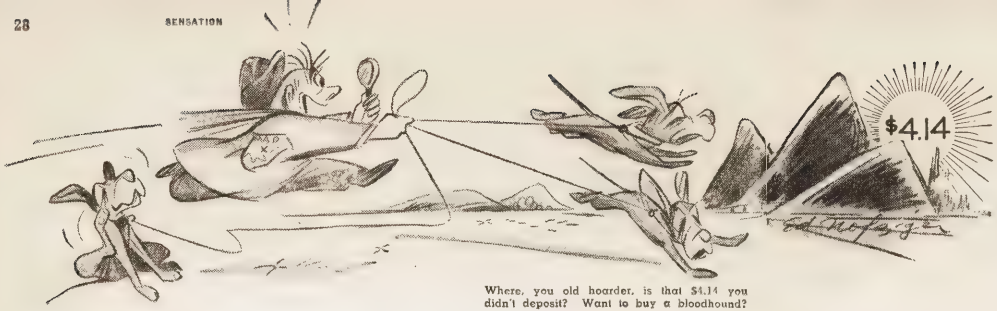
When a famed specialist willed an uncouth noise to his profession 145,000 embattled medicos joined in the ethical clamor . . .

They are fighting on both sides but the most remarkable testimony thus far offered comes literally from the grave, the last words of a noted specialist who included in his will an opinion he long cherished toward his colleagues and his patients. Dr. Arthur J. McLean, brain specialist of Portland, Oregon, noted nationally as a brilliant neuro-surgeon, who was killed in an automobile accident a year ago, bequeathed his library to the University of Oregon, his $100,000 estate to his wife, then left the following unprecedented legacies:

"To 94 per cent of Portland's medical practitioners and their ethics and the whole local organized medical profession, a lusty rousing belch. To Portland's thieving patients, the haphazard care they will receive for their chiseling tawdriness. To my name, oblivion."

Aghast, the doctors of Portland knew not how to answer the assault from the grave which spared only six per cent of their number. Dr. McLean's patients, too, were numb-struck. He could bequeath oblivion (*Continued on page 62*)

A recurring tragedy—no room for the penniless sufferer.



Where, you old hoarder, is that $4.14 you didn't deposit? Want to buy a bloodhound?

"Grate day! Only $4.13 to go!"—fishing through grates.

The Amusing Mystery of the

Missing Millions

Even Uncle Sam can't tell who's got all the cash money—you're supposed to have $4.14 on you right now in silver or vulgar bills

HERE is a mystery involving millions of dollars and all who can solve it may find themselves wealthy for life. The problem is simple and the answer ought to be right before our eyes—

Where does all the money, coined in America every year, go? Not the losses on paper in the stock market, not the cash you check out of a bank but the hard, cold cash itself—the currency, the metal money, the silver dollars, halves, quarters and dimes, the nickel five cent pieces, the bronze pennies?

The Treasury Department, in a recent report, calculates that there are 40,962,394 silver cartwheel dollars in circulation: $350,752,912 in half-dollars, quarters and dimes; $148,312,074 in nickels and pennies. Secretary Morgenthau estimates American continental population at 130,-361,000 which, he figures, gives an average of $4.14 in metal money for every man, woman and child in the country.

One person out of every four should have a silver dollar jingling in purse or pocket, and every American should have $2.70 in small silver and $1.14 in nickel and bronze! Of course, you will say that this is just the average, the amount that each would have if the currency in circulation were equally divided.

And that's true, but it's not all of the truth by any means. In the first place, if all the money in circulation—money outside the Treasury and outside Federal Reserve Banks and agents—were equally divided there would be $51.39 for each of us. The paper money problem is far more elusive even than the metal money mystery, but paper may be burned, mutilated, hoarded or otherwise permanently withdrawn. Metal money cannot be hoarded in any quantity because it is too heavy, and metal money does not wear out or burn and neither the moth nor rust affect it.

So let's go back to the $4.14 in silver and nickel and copper that the average American should be carrying around in addition to what, if any, paper money he may be lucky enough to own. The grand American total is $539,694,450 or about eight billion, five hundred million coins.

Now, you will be trying to interrupt right here by saying that millions in small change rests in the tills of local banks. All right, cut the whole figure in half for the coins in the local banks, the shopkeepers' tills—although it doesn't stay there long—and any other depository of permanence.

But after you've cut it in half, you will have to jump it back again because almost half the people in America do not carry around any coins at all or at most, a negligible amount. The infants of fewer than five years, the inmates of penal institutions, the senile and weak-minded, patients in hospitals and scores of other largely populated classes do not carry coinage, especially metal money. So the average must stand.

And the average amount of small change—for the cartwheel dollar is rarely carried—rattling in your pocket should include 65 coins; say, 14 pennies, 36 nickels, 7 dimes, 6 quarters and 2 halves. What? You haven't got anything like that? Very well, then, where does it go?

Oh yes, the pennies go for newspapers, chewing gum and petty taxes. The nickels and dimes into telephone and subway slot machines and so on. True enough, but they all go right back into circulation again!

If you haven't got $4.14 in about 65 pieces of metal in your pocket, then someone else should have all the pieces you lack in addition to his own! And if you say you never saw anyone carrying around that much chicken feed—you simply bring yourself right up against the main question: where does all the small change go?

If anyone knows, Uncle Sam should, but don't bother to ask him. He doesn't know. There's a vast mass of mystery about money that Uncle Sam hasn't been able to fathom since the Declaration was signed.

In preparing this article, we asked him several leading questions about coinage. We asked, for example, how many gold coins were unaccounted for, since possession of gold coins may be a crime now. We asked also how many of the old large-sized bills remained in circulation. Herbert E. Gaston, Secretary to Treasury Secretary Morgenthau, replied:

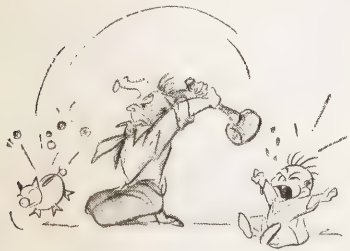
"No accurate estimate of the number of gold coins that remain outstanding at present is available. Figures on the amount of the old large-size certificates still outstanding are not available."

And the Secretary to the Secretary conceded further that the count of coins in circulation, grouped silver dollars in one class; subsidiary silver, that is halves, quarters and dimes in another class; and minor coins; nickels and pennies in a third class. But neither Secretary Morgenthau's office nor the annual report of Director of the Mint Nellie Tayloe Ross reveals how many pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters and halves, separately, are in circulation! The Treasury Department simply states that the figures are not available, presumably not even to them. They don't know, anyway.

They do know, however, that approximately 2,000,000,000 nickels, 7,500,000,000 pennies, $1,-700,000,000 dimes, 800,000,000 quarters and 320,-000,000 half dollars have been minted since 1793 when coinage began. Millions of the coins may have worn out and been redeemed or replaced, yes even billions, but where are all the others?

There were about 80,000,000 silver half dimes minted up to 1873; almost 40,000,000 silver three-cent pieces; 800,000 half cents; more than 40,000,-000 two-cent pieces—and where are they? People don't throw away money, especially old money, and there are not enough numismatists on earth to account for that mass of valuable, not to say precious metal!

The tremendous amount of old coinage that remains in circulation explains one question that puzzles many persons who suddenly come upon old coins in desk drawers or secret caches, and believe the currency must possess great value as curios. Fact is that age has little to do with the value of coins because age is only an incidental. The real test is rarity. There are six nickels dated 1913 of the Liberty variety which are worth more than many gold pieces—because they are the only six of that type minted in that year. Don't bother to seek them. All are accounted for and none are for sale!



"Don't be a cry baby, Junior, everything over $4.14 is yours."

"Mama, they haven't caught on yet!"

HOW THE GAY LIFE *jinxed* THE EXOTIC HULA DANCER

By MILDRED LUBER

ON a tiny island in the South Seas where exotic foliage, silvery moonlight and the bluest of waters lure the white man in quest of an earthly Paradise, a lovely Polynesian girl wanders the coral strand. Her eyes, blind to the beauty of her native setting, gaze into the distant horizon and in her dreams the waving palms and the moonlight hold no part. For it is Reri who walks alone—Reri, the lovely, bronze-skinned Tahitian who, by a strange twist of Fate, became a picture star, a Ziegfeld dancer and an international toast—only to be hurled back to the oblivion of her faraway isle.

Today, even as he dreams of hers, so Reri dreams of the white man's land and longs to return to civilization—the civilization which gave her much but which, at the same time, destroyed forever her chances of happiness.

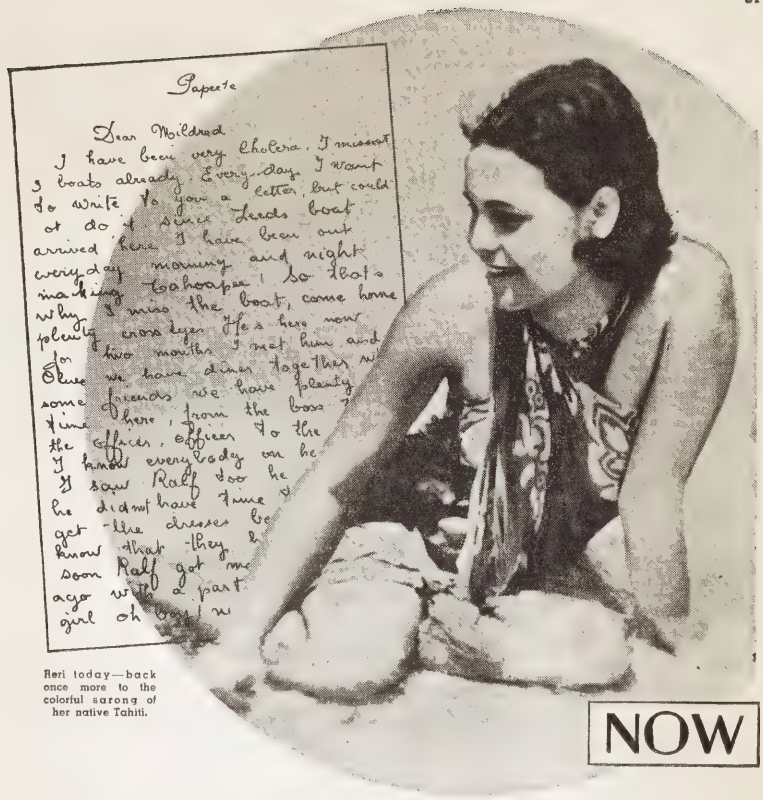
When I first met Reri eight years ago, the beginning of a lasting friendship, I found her one of the most enchanting of persons. Aside from her exotic beauty, there was a naivete and childish simplicity about her which were utterly fascinating. Totally unspoiled, it was little wonder that all of Europe, as well as Hollywood and Broadway, was to eventually capitulate to her charms—and then to rob her of much of the very simplicity which made her what she was. Reri couldn't take white civilization—yet, having tasted of it, she yearns once more to be in its midst.

It was the late F. W. Murnau who was responsible for Reri's rise to fame. Using an all-native cast in the filming of "Tabu" on the South Sea Islands, the great German director discovered Reri and, impressed with her beauty, grace and art in depicting the lithe and sinuous dances of the Polynesians, gave her the role of heroine in the primitive drama of love and sacrifice.

It never occurred to Murnau, however, to bring Reri to America. He seemed to realize that contact with new world sophistication would change her outlook on life and undermine her natural capacity for happiness. Before his tragic death in an automobile accident he spoke frequently of making further pictures of the South Seas and of using Reri in them. But it was his intention to return to Tahiti for the purpose—not to bring Reri to Hollywood.

The late Florenz Ziegfeld, however, saw "Tabu" and, becoming enthusiastic over the lovely Polynesian, cabled her an invitation to appear in his current edition of the "Follies." It was typical of Reri's unworldliness that she had never heard of Ziegfeld or the "Follies" and Americans in Tahiti had to explain just what the invitation meant.

This is the exotic Reri as she appeared when "glorified" by the late Florenz Ziegfeld.


Papeete
Dear Mildred
I have been very Cholera. I missed
3 boats already. Every day I want
do write to you a letter, but could
ot do it since Leeds boat
arrived here I have been out
very day morning and night
making Tahoapae! So that's
why I miss the boat, come home
plenty cross eyes. He's here now
two months I met him and
we have dinner together, w
some friends we have plenty
time there, from the boss
the officer, officer to the
I know everybody on he
I saw Ralf too he
he did not have time
get the dresses be
know that they
soon Ralf got m
ago with a part
girl on boy, w
NOW

Reri today—back once more to the colorful sarong of her native Tahiti.

Well, Reri came to New York. And as the Roman of old, she not only came but saw and conquered. She became a sensation on Broadway. Radiant and utterly naive, she found everything exciting and entertaining. Within a week she had more admirers than there were inhabitants on her native isle. She was entertained lavishly in Park Avenue mansions and in the country homes of millionaires.

Reri adapted herself quickly to American ways. With her quick intelligence, she mastered English in no time. And how she took to American clothes! A glimpse of her strolling down Fifth Avenue in the latest of fashions, befurred and bejewelled, would give not the slightest inkling that a few short months

(*Continued on page 56*)

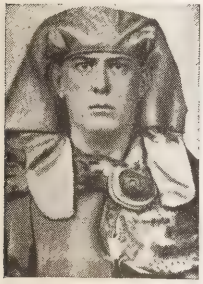
Astounding Secrets of the Devil Worshipers' Mystic Love Cult

Beast or poet?
Monster or moralist?
Genius or madman?
Charlatan or magician?
These are questions Europe asked for years about Aleister Crowley, one of the most complex characters in the modern world and one of the most extraordinary in human history.
You will read of a man—
Who has won fame by sublimely beautiful religious poetry, yet has committed blasphemies and sacrileges such as the world has never known.
Who has reveled in orgies that astounded Paris, yet has sat motionless for months as a naked yogi, begging his rice under the hot sun of India.
Who steeped himself in opium, yet never became enslaved.
This, the second chapter of a series of three, contains more intimate revelations about this astounding character by the writer, who knew and studied Aleister Crowley most closely during his four years in America.

By W. B. SEABROOK

CHAPTER II

Revealing the details of Aleister Crowley's unholy rites, his power over women, his weird drug orgies and his startling adventures



Aleister Crowley in the ceremonial headdress of his cult.

HOW many women there are throughout the United States, throughout the world, under the influence of Aleister Crowley's mysterious "O. T. O." cult—some of them may be reading these very lines—who could tell amazing stories if they were willing to speak!

I am thinking at this moment of Leila Waddell, the beautiful violinist and noted concert artist, who was Crowley's "high priestess" when he was at the height of his fame in England, openly holding elaborate "mystical rites," attended by many notables—and of the strange circumstances of the talented Leila Waddell in New York.

"What connection has this with the alleged 'mystical crucifixions' which you promised to tell about in this chapter?" you may be wondering.

That shall be explained.

In the "Equinox," which Crowley's cultists published as part of the "Bible" of the "O. T. O.", there are many references to "mystical crucifixions" as part of the expeciences of initiates and adepts in this cult. To what extent these "crucifixions," as described in the book, were literal, physical experiences—if at all—I am unable to specify. But before I go further with this account, it is necessary to give you, briefly, some additional light on the character of the strange figure behind it all.

Crowley, whatever else he may be, believes he is a true mystic—perhaps one of the greatest mystics living. Some of his poetry, embalmed in the anthologies, may suffice to give him, after he is dead, at least a minor rank among the immortals. And the various cruelties which I have described—the branding of Lea on the chest and other incidents—are part and parcel of this side of his character.

One day, in his New York studio, I asked Crowley to tell me something about this alleged practice of "mystical crucifixions."

"I will tell you," he said, "the story of a girl whom you may some day meet. But perhaps I'd better read it to you as I have set it down in writing to be included in the 'Equinox.'"

The story Crowley told me was of a modern girl who secretly believed and engaged in "magical" practices, and who had a talisman which she tried to make use of in this way. With a self-sacrificing girl cousin, who was her submissive victim, she went to dreadful lengths to restore to this talisman the potency which she believed it had lost. Here is the essential part of the manuscript from which Crowley read:

"Patricia Fleming ran up the steps into the great house, her thin lips white with rage. For the third time she had failed to bring the man she wanted to her feet. The talisman she had tested had tricked her.

"'What do I need?' she thought. 'Must it be blood?'

"She ran, tense and angry, through the house to the chapel. There, she locked the door, struck a secret panel, and came suddenly into a small, hidden room. At the end of the room was a scarlet post, and tied to it, her wrists swollen by the whiplashes that bound her, was a girl, big-boned, strong, and partially unclad.

"Patricia held the talisman, which was a piece of vellum, written upon in black. She took a hatpin, pierced the talisman, and drove the pin into the girl's shoulder.

"'They must have blood,' she said. 'Come, don't wince, dear.'

"Then with her riding whip she struck young Margaret between the shoulders. A shriek rang out. She struck again and again. Great welts of purple stood on the girl's back; froth tinged with blood came from her mouth, for she had bitten her lips and tongue in agony. Patricia threw the bloody whip into a corner and went down upon her knees. She kissed her cousin, she kissed the talisman.

"She took the talisman and hid it in her clothing. Last of all, she loosened the cords, and Margaret sank in a heap on the floor. Patricia threw furs over her; brought wine and poured it down her throat.

"'Sleep now, dear,' she whispered, and kissed her forehead—"

"She took a hatpin, pierced the love talisman and drove the pin into the girl's quivering flesh."

I broke the silence that followed. "Do you mean to tell me seriously," I asked Crowley, "that things like that have survived the middle ages?"

"Next week," said Crowley, with an enigmatic smile, "if you care to meet her, I'll introduce you to a girl who looks like 'Patricia.' She's coming to America. Wait a minute; I'll show you her picture."

From a little iron-bound trunk, he produced a clipping from "The Sketch," one of London's leading magazines. It was a portrait of Leila Waddell, the beautiful violinist, and from the text underneath, I judged that Miss Waddell had been a "priestess" of the "O. T. O." cult

while it was at its zenith in England. She was shown clad in a mystical robe, bare-footed, seated upon a throne.

A week later, true to his promise, Crowley took me to see Miss Waddell.

We talked of many things, but I didn't quite dare to bring up directly such a subject as magic. It seemed utterly impossible that two such cultured, modern persons such as she and Crowley, could have anything in common with the strange beings of whom I had glimpses during my acquaintance with Crowley.

Behind it all there is such a mass of mysteries that lead into old and forgotten cults on one hand, and into events which, on the other are taking place even today in American and English cities, that I doubt if the whole truth will ever be known of Crowley and his strange associates.

Perhaps none of Crowley's bizarre episodes was more amazing than his so-called "hasheesh orgies." I was present at a number of them, and I propose to give an accurate account of one which took place in his New York studio. Three others beside myself had been invited to partake of the insidious Oriental drug of the "Arabian Nights" stories—Nastasia Fedorovna, a beautiful Russian actress, who had come over from Paris; Ai Nasaki, a Japanese poet; and an Englishman, who had lived for years in the Orient as a member of the diplomatic service. Of course, Lea, "The Dead Soul," was present.

The Beast · 666.

Crowley in one of his trance-like poses and the "Beast" signature with which he ended much of his correspondence.

The big studio had been arranged for the occasion. Three mattresses, covered with heavy Oriental tapestries and piled with cushions, had been laid on the floor alongside the low couch. Crowley was seated at a little table dropping the nauseous, sticky drug into small glasses of sherry to take away the bad taste. Twelve drops constituted a dose, to be repeated every hour or so if the effects were slow in coming.

A half hour passed. There we lay, in the dimly-lighted, quiet room—and nothing happened. Frankly, I began to be a little bored.

Suddenly, without warning, the drug "got" me. A great surge like an electric wave seemed to run through my blood and nerves and to sweep me into another world. The ceiling of the room began to shoot up, the walls seemed to recede, and I was in an enormous, well-like hall, in which I was as small as an ant looking at the sky. My mind, racing madly, and completely beyond control, was seizing on every impression that came to my senses, and distorting it.

Where the drug had seized my mind and sent it off into fantastic imaginings, it seemed to have taken hold more directly on the emotions, the physical self of Nastasia, the Russian girl. She had stripped off most of her clothing and was dancing alone, in a mad abandon. At first, this seemed very beautiful, but suddenly a horrible thing occurred. Her rounded flesh, as she danced, seemed to be melting away, and then where I had seen a beautiful woman, I saw a hideous thing from the tomb, doing a frightful dance of death. I wanted to shriek, but my throat was contracted.

It was this that turned my hallucinations inward—made me conscious of my own body. I suffered unspeakable tortures. My heart was an enormous hammer, beating with tremendous force. My breathing was like some mighty wind sweeping in and out of my lungs. I thought I was going to die. This passed, and there came visions—some beautiful—some so hideous that they cannot be described. Finally, I went to sleep, in a deep stupor that lasted until the next day.

Mind you, this was just an "experiment" with hasheesh—an experiment which I tried because I wanted to "know"—and which I have never repeated. If anything I have said has given you the slightest inclination to try such a crazy experiment, I want to warn you to desist, to beware of the unspeakable horrors and the dangers of becoming an incurable addict.

As for Aleister Crowley, that extraordinary man plunged into these excesses when it pleased him, and shook them off when it pleased him. Less than a month after the experiences of which I have told you, he was camping on Aesopus Island, in the Hudson River, hard and brown as an athlete, painting "Do What Thou Wilt" in enormous red letters over the sides of the rocks, for passengers on river steamers to see.

This was one of Crowley's maddest episodes. I happen to know that, on quitting Cambridge University, he had a fortune that ran close to a hundred thousand pounds. So far as I know, he hasn't got a nickel of it left—and most of it has been spent preaching, teaching, writing this "Do What Thou Wilt" doctrine.

I can see him now, with his baggy English knickers, gravely announcing to a circle of Greenwich Villagers that he was going into "magical retirement"—with an old canoe, two moth-eaten blankets and five immense cans of red housepaint as equipment!

No provisions. And not a cent in his pocket. He had spent his last twenty-five dollars on the paint.

"Remember Elijah and the ravens," he said, with a superb gesture. "Heaven will provide!"

Blasphemy? Or a childish faith? I haven't the remotest idea. But Providence, or luck, or something, did provide.

It didn't send Crowley manna, but something much more modern, and infinitely better suited to his whim—a pretty Italian countess in riding breeches, who not only supplied food for him in his "magical retirement," but cooked for him and waited on him like an Oriental slave.

Part of Aesopus Island is farm land, and consequently the farmers of the neighborhood came out to it frequently. Crowley landed there at night and when some men arrived the next morning to tend their crops they beheld him, by the water's edge, garbed in a monk's coarse black robe, praying to the Sun.

For two days after his arrival at his island camp, Crowley had squatted on a prayer rug in the sunshine reading his mystical books and fasting. But the fasting was carrying holiness too far. So the "prophet" pulled up his belt another notch, got to the mainland and sent a rush telegram "collect" to the pretty little Countess Guerini, who was then in Westchester County, inviting her immediately to visit his "Summer Camp," and giving her explicit directions how to get there.

The Countess had known Crowley when he was rich, in London. And taking it for granted that she would find cool drinks, servants and bungalows, she came—and got the shock of her life.

The boat which brought her to the island put back to shore immediately. There was Crowley, kneeling on his prayer rug. There was his shabby little tent. And there stood the petite, exquisite Countess.

"What a trick!" she exclaimed. "I shall go straight back to the city tonight."

"You can't, my dear," smiled Crowley; "you can't get off the island. But do not be afraid. You may have this palatial pavilion for yourself. I shall sleep, or meditate, among the rocks."

The Countess fled into the tent and sobbed herself to sleep.

Why didn't she leave the next morning? I really don't know. But she remained. And she was not in love with Crowley, then or at any other time. She was a good soul beneath her frills, and from what I know of women I think she stayed because she discovered that Crowley was hungry—that he hadn't had anything to eat for three days.

The Countess remained on Aesopus Island nearly two weeks—and people who saw them beheld a situation that you would regard as fantastic and impossible even in a musical comedy.

In the mass of contradictions that made up Crowley's character, there was a streak of something that, for lack of better words, I might describe as pathetic, childlike. It was the thing that made many people, men and women, keep a sincere affection for him despite his dreadful faults.

Statuesque study of Betty May Loveday, famous London art model, who escaped Crowley's "abbey" after the death of her husband, a mystical poet.

The very next day she went over to the mainland in a rowboat, and came back with a lot of canned stuff and other food. And Crowley—with a selfishness that was characteristic—now that his stomach was full again, paid not the slightest attention to the young woman who was making this sacrifice.

The Countess, in her riding breeches—which were about the only garments that she had brought fit to be worn in such a place—cooked for him and waited on him as uncomplainingly as if she had been captured in the Arabian desert or bought in the slave market of Samarkand.

"It was the first time I had ever done any work," she said afterward in New York; "the first time I had ever done anything to help anybody else, and I believe I really like it."

And so this extraordinary episode ended without scandal. But presently Crowley returned from his "magical retirement" and took his "Do What Thou Wilt" doctrines to Detroit where they made a number of adherents, and where the text of the "secret, sealed ritual" of the cult was made public. I shall tell about it in my next chapter.

DISHONOR among thieves

Pretty Marion Smith danced her way into the heart of a mobster—talked—and paid with her life.

JEWEL THIEVES ROB STORE OF $9,800—screams a headline.

The real story behind a headline is often missed by the reading public. This headline was chosen at random; and bear in mind that the story that is told is in no manner any more fantastic than the story behind any crime headline, except that in this particular case, the wrong men were convicted!

The above jewel robbery headline appeared in a New York City newspaper on December 9, 1937. The night before, Salvatore Ferrara, a jewelry store proprietor in the Williamsburgh section of New York City, was preparing to close his shop. He had already barred the doors and was in the act of removing the first of his gem-laden trays from the window when a man, who had been examining the merchandise from the street, suddenly displayed an automatic with one hand and a glass cutter with the other. In a flash he marked out a square on the window with the cutter which he tapped with the butt of his gun. The square of glass fell inward and shattered to add to the brilliance of the glittering gems.

So quickly and expertly was the job executed that the stunned Ferrara was threatened by the automatic before he could retreat. Another thug appeared as if by magic at the side of the gunman. He carried a sack which he calmly proceeded to fill by dipping his arm through the broken window and removing tray after tray of the sparkling loot. Every gem within reach was gathered into the bag, and then the bandits turned swiftly to a car that stood idling at the curb. With a roar they disappeared into the tangle of New York traffic.

From descriptions of the men and the car given by witnesses, the police made two arrests in short order. Murray Foreman and Herbert Grossman were placed on trial in the County Court and duly convicted by a jury. The Court of Appeals sustained the conviction. Of course, they protested that "they didn't do it"—but then Sing Sing Prison is filled with people who "didn't do it."

The real perpetrators of this crime were eventually found after a tremendous amount of spadework by the police who delved deep into a mire of sloth, greed and violence. We must go down the years to 1932 when Vincent "Mad Dog" Coll was casting greedy glances at the immense wealth that was pouring into the safety deposit boxes of Dutch Schultz, resulting from his control of the beer racket. Coll met his death at the hands of Schultz' mobsters in a drugstore telephone booth on Twenty-third Street.

As a result, Irving Leder, a recently liberated convict from Atlanta, where he had served a term for interstate transportation of stolen automobiles, planted himself firmly in the bloody shoes so reluctantly discarded by Vincent Coll.

Early in December, 1932, Marion Smith, Irving Leder's sweetheart, paid a social call on Dolores Disbrow at her sumptuously appointed apartment on Riverside Drive. Dolores, a tall, willowy bru-

How a detective found the trail of the man he wanted in a series of crimes within crimes and bared the workings of a gangster's distorted brain

nette, greeted her visitor dressed in silk lounging pajamas which accentuated the voluptuous curves of her body. Dolores Disbrow had that ravishing type of beauty that drives some men mad. They were friends, these two beautiful women, even beside the fact that Dolores was the girl friend of George De Perno, Leder's first lieutenant.

Marion Smith stretched her shapely legs from the depths of a deep chair facing her hostess, who reclined languidly on a couch. Their cozy comfort was short-lived. The door bell rang, and with a grimace of distaste, Dolores rose from the couch and answered. The open door disclosed a short, stocky, dark youth who entered the foyer without invitation. When he removed his hat, he revealed the black, highly polished, skull-fitting hair of the gigolo.

"Hello, Dolores," he greeted with a grin, and his eyes gleamed hungrily as they swept her figure. Then he noticed Marion, and the grin faded; he nodded to her briefly. He seemed indifferent to the hostility he read in the eyes of both women.

"What are you doing here, Joe?" demanded Dolores, obviously trying to control her fear.

"I heard you were not feeling so good, so I thought I'd come to cheer you up," he answered as he took her by the arm and led her to the couch where he sat down beside her. There was a strained silence for a few moments. Finally the unwelcome visitor growled, "Haven't you got a home, Marion?"

The girl glanced quickly at Dolores and read the mute appeal in her eyes. Marion sat resolute. Finally the man rose with a cold fury and shook Marion roughly as he gritted through clenched teeth, "Get, before I get tough!" She needed no further admonition; she left, puzzled and afraid.

Joseph Mortillaro, alias Joseph La Rosa, alias The Weasel, was doing full justice to the rapacious animal from which he received his nickname. But when the weasel preys upon the barnyard he is eventually destroyed by the farmer. . . . That night, lovely Dolores Disbrow told her boy friend of what had happened to her during the day. De Perno seemed to take the story calmly; with a sad shake of the head, he said: "I would never suspect this of Joe; he was always a good friend of mine. There's not much to say now that it's done, except maybe I can say that it won't happen again!"

A few weeks later, the body of Joseph Mortillaro was picked up by police from a roadside ditch in Van Cortlandt Park.

Detective John Quinn of the Homicide Squad was assigned to locate the dead man's "business" associates. He was in no way surprised to learn that they had vanished, and not the least bit discouraged because of it. He knew Leder's girl was a taxi dancer, so he took up dancing and gave the impression he had not a care in the world. He became a steady patron of a taxi

Joe "The Weasel" Mortillaro, inset, left, made love to a fellow mob-member's girl and he ended up in a ditch.

dance hall near Forty-seventh Street and Broadway. He danced many, many miles before Marion Smith turned up for a job there as a dancer.

Detective Quinn took the girl downtown for questioning, and with a sigh of relief, left his enthusiasm for dancing behind him. At first, Marion Smith wouldn't talk; but when her hazardous situation was made clear to her and she was promised protection, she told how Leder had left her to skip town; how finally her money ran out and she had to get work at the only thing she knew—dancing. She told of the Weasel's double-crossing visit to De Perno's girl. The detective felt that his terpsichorean efforts had not been in vain, for he now had the motive for the killing and a material witness.

Police circulars were made up describing the physical attributes and moral deficiencies of Irving Leder and George De Perno and distributed over the country. From one of these flyers Chief of Detectives John J. Grosch, of New Orleans, La., picked up Leder, whom he shipped back to New York. When Leder was informed that Marion Smith had told all, he hastened to turn State's evidence against his former employees to dodge the electric chair.

While the voluble ex-gang leader was awaiting trial, a sharp-eyed Broadway patrolman, William Kearney, picked up George De Perno. When George learned that his former boss and Marion Smith had talked, he became almost incoherent in his desire to confess. He managed to talk himself out of the chair; he was sentenced to from twenty years to life, while Leder received only from two and one-half to five years because he was a State witness.

Marion Smith had been held at the House of Detention for her own protection as a material witness. When her former boy friends were safely in Sing Sing, she was released with six hundred dollars in cash which represented pay from the State at three dollars a day for the number of days she waited to testify against them.

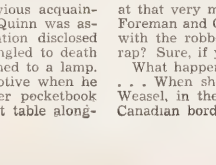
She rented a three-room apartment on West 93rd Street upon her release from the House of Detention. For a week and a half she danced every night and slept during the day until—the iceman noticed that the living room lights were burning as they had been burning on the previous morning, so he investigated. His cries brought Patrolman James Brogan, who in turn notified the Homicide Bureau. Because of his previous acquaintance with the victim, Detective Quinn was assigned to the case. His examination disclosed that Marion Smith had been strangled to death by five feet of electric wire attached to a lamp.

He ruled out robbery as the motive when he found two hundred dollars in her pocketbook which lay in full view. The night table alongside the bed, however, yielded a good latent fingerprint which the Criminal Identification Department couldn't match.

Detective Quinn reasoned that the killer must be a new member of the gang, and that he probably had made Marion's acquaintance at the dance hall. So he fashioned an elaborate trap into which he hoped the killer would walk. He became a waiter in a three-steps-down grill close to the taxi dance hall. He served only three tables in the rear. His best customer was pretty Lillie Myrtle, a taxi dancer and a former friend of Marion Smith. Three or four times each night, the little dancer brought in customers from the dance hall and they were always seated at one of the three tables in the rear. She was served solicitously by the waiter-detective who carefully removed the glasses handled by her men companions to the kitchen, where a fingerprint expert waited to dust them with his powder.

Two weeks of persistent effort, working every night, was finally rewarded when Lillie brought in a tall, swarthy man. After the first highball the detective returned bringing handcuffs with him.

George De Perno avenged attack on his girl friend.



Stepped into "Mad Dog" Coll's shoes—Irving Leder was jailed.

As the Homicide Bureau had suspected, their man was a new member of the gang. He proved to be Joseph Gerbino, who had visited the incarcerated members of the gang at Sing Sing where he received orders to wreak vengeance on the woman who had talked. Eventually, Gerbino was tried and received a sentence of 40 years.

In due time, Irving Leder was paroled from prison. He paid his periodic visits to the parole officer and stayed away from Broadway.

Then, on December 8, 1937, Salvatore Ferrara was robbed of $9,800 in jewelry, and Irving Leder disappeared.

Eight months went by, and to all intents and purposes, the Police Department had forgotten him. But they knew that sooner or later the call of the Gay White Way would become too strong for him. And so it was when the prodigal stepped from a Philadelphia bus, on August 22nd last, he walked into the arms of the hawk-eyed Detective John Broderick.

Faced with prosecution for violation of his parole, Leder became as voluble as a schoolgirl. To curry favor again as a State witness, he confessed that he had committed the Ferrara job in company with Carl Zall and Sol Cohen—who were in jail at that very moment, convicted of other crimes. Foreman and Grossman didn't have a thing to do with the robbery. Would this give him a light rap? Sure, if you call "life" a light rap.

What happened to beautiful Dolores Disbrow? . . . When she read of the death of Joe, The Weasel, in the newspapers, she headed for the Canadian border.

"Sorry to cut you off that way, Irene, but it made me sore hearing him talk to you like that."

"Where's the baby kangaroo that goes with it?"

"Sure I had a housekeeper—but I married her!"

"It's the only way I can get Spike to do any road work."

Youth always is troubled!

Today's bedeviled youngsters have no corner on headaches, for the world always seems ready to explode when we are young

And then for most of us something happened! Possibly it was our self-esteem that blew up, not the world.

Illustration by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

By AN EMINENT PSYCHOLOGIST

"IF I only could be young again!"

From time immemorial that has been the cry of every man and woman in whose mirror the first wrinkles and gray hairs began to appear. Looked at through the haze of memory, which only the bright lights can penetrate, young manhood and womanhood are like the Spring that we remember sadly as the snow falls. But Spring has its storms, no less severe than Autumn's, and its frosts nip the new buds more sharply than the Winter winds can touch the old tree.

The next time somebody wishes he was young again, just ask him if he would be willing to relive his youth as it was—knowing life no better than he did then. He will be a most unusual person if he does not hesitate, and finally confess, "Not for anything I can think of!"

For youth is the time of shattered certainties and vanishing dreams. It is then first that the world which we have known and trusted blows up under us, and leaves us feeling—at least for a moment—as if we were dropping through space. The world of our childhood was small and occasionally irksome, but at least for most of us it stood still. It felt solid under our feet, and we gradually learned our way about it—perhaps even came to feel that we were "sitting on it".

And then, for most of us, something happened! Possibly it was our self-esteem that blew up. Son John has made the football team in high school, had no difficulty with his studies, and counts many of his classmates his friends for life. Then he begins looking for a job, and finds that from the standpoint of business world he has nothing to offer. He gets a start, and his natural blunders are treated as signs that he is "just dumb". Perhaps he is fired, and begins to wonder whether there is anything that he can ever make a go of.

Or perhaps it is his certainty of being loved that explodes under him. For several years he has had a casual interest in girls, but has boasted that they were "all alike" to him. Then all of a sudden he meets one who seems completely different. With her, the wise-cracks he has been proud of stick in his throat, and the compliments he has known so well how to pay (when he felt like it) are clumsy and obvious. If she doesn't seem as glad to see him as he is to see her, the ground shakes under his feet, and he realizes that the strange thing he has heard about as "falling in love" has now happened to him.

The girl generally hides it better, but she feels the same way. The "career" her heart was set on now sounds like a lot of wasted effort, and the 'phone calls that assured her of her own charm now mean nothing if it is the wrong voice she hears.

I grant that these feelings—or a lot of them—will be forgotten in a few months or years. The boy or girl does not know that. He or she has not discovered that there is another world besides the one that has always been familiar. In the child world, no one really matters but our parents, and their love for us was never in doubt from the time of our earliest recollections and even before.

Now our happiness depends on someone who seems dearer than father or mother, but whose love we cannot yet be sure of. A rebuff, and the world reels beneath us—an outright refusal, and our universe is shattered.

Most tragic of all is youth for those whose confidence in their own powers of self-control has been lost. A young man and woman meet, and love, and realize too late that Nature has been too strong for the restraints with which they felt sure they could bind her. What promised to be life's highest happiness has turned to danger—to the threat of dubious expedient or open disgrace. Perhaps, in this dire extremity not even mother's love can be depended on to "understand", and find a way out. In such a case, all too often youth turns desperate, and seeks a final way out.

So far beyond youth's power may it be to face the shattering of the world of childhood that the boy and girl will turn away completely from reality and take refuge in the dream world of their own diseased imaginations. Adolescence and early maturity are the times when the insanity rate is highest—so much so that the most serious type of mental illness is still generally called dementia praecox or "precocious madness". This is the disease which many psychiatrists see as the explanation of the terribly warped personality of Robert Irwin, confessed murderer of the lovely Veronica Gedeon, with her mother and their lodger, Frank Byrnes. Irwin, sentenced to a term of 270 years in New York's Dannemora State Hospital for the Insane, announced boastfully to the jurist who sentenced him that he'd win a parole in 10 years.

But dementia praecox does not always lead to acts of violence. Often its chief symptom is a gradual decline in the victim's interest in everything that goes on outside him—a "withdrawal", as it is called—which may go on to the point where he becomes oblivious to everything but his morbid fancies, and has to be fed and tended like a baby. In fact, while the reasons for it may be much less serious, if your youngster begins to lose interest and enthusiasm, to become indifferent to his former friends and pursuits, to stop showing the "pep" which sometimes makes him a nuisance, make sure you find out what is the matter. And if nothing can be found wrong with the body, take him to a specialist for mental illness.

For although we do not yet know why certain young people, and occasionally older ones, fall victims to this illness, it can often be arrested if taken in time, and new cures for it—at least in its earlier stages—have recently been discovered. Happiness, in youth or old age, is the sign of mental health and soundness. So if your young folks are gay and "carefree", be glad for them and for yourself. They are making a brave, and so far successful effort to meet the most dangerous mental crisis life will bring them. The "common sense" they appear now to lack will come later, after they have won their battles and settled down to be grown-ups.

Marital Market Prices Hit a New High with No-Money-Back-If-Not-Satisfied Guarantee

A $400,000 Bargain HUSBAND

Marry-for-money men are costly toys—and sales are C.O.D.

"WHO were you until I married you? Nobody! Did you love me when you married me? No! Would you have married me if I were poor? No! How did I marry you? I bought you and I paid for you! And anything I bought and paid for belongs to me!"

How sophisticated New Yorkers vibrated to those stinging sentences!

Actress Julia Dean shrank under the lash of Actor Richman's tongue, and from press and pulpit flowed editorials and sermons based on the shocking theory that a man might buy a woman in marriage in this twentieth century—and George Broadhurst's social drama soared to success over the raging controversy.

And that was merely a play, Bought and Paid For, pure fiction staged a quarter century ago. Yet, despite its imaginativeness, parents advised children to remain away from the dangerous drama.

A husband boasting that he bought a loveless wife? Shame!

Yet no shudder of shame, no shock to morals followed the recent enactment of a somewhat similar scene—and with the characters reversed—in the Court of Chancery in Atlantic City where Mrs. Martha Jane Stewart was formally declared to have bought and paid for her hus-

band, Norman, and the judge refused to make him give her back the $400,000 purchase price when she wearied of her marriage.

Who was he until she married him? Nobody! Did he love her when he married her? No! Would he have married her if she were poor? No! How did she marry him? She bought him and she paid for him and anything she bought and paid for belonged to her—but she could not return him and get her money back when she tired of her high-priced husband and business genius. So ran the decision.

Fact became stranger than fiction in the light of Vice Chancellor W. Frank Sooy's searching analysis of the extraordinary romance—but one adage was sustained. The woman paid!

Mrs. Stewart is seventy-three, and three years ago she married the man, thirty years younger, from whom she is now separated. She had been a widow for fifteen years, and through $800,000 stock ownership, she controlled the prosperous corporation which operates condiment factories. She married the 40-year-old, $40-a-week salesman, gave him half her stock, voted him into the presidency of the corporation at $25,000 a year, and humbly accepted a vice-presidency of $5,000 a year for herself. A few months later, she charged, he obtained control of other stock and of their joint bank account and ousted her from the prosperous corporation.

A genius in trade—price $400,000
Norm Stewart.

Frantic at this return on her investment in matrimony, the aged wife sued for the return of her stock, charging deceit and fraud. She declared he was earning only a small salary when they were married, and that he wed her without love or affection, to seize her fortune. But, in tossing out the wife's suit, Vice Chancellor Sooy declared:

"He was a bought and paid for man. She bought him for better or for worse and, even in matrimony, you cannot be an Indian giver. She was not deceived by him. A gift fairly made and thoroughly understood by her is valid."

The judge, commenting on the wife's testimony that she did not know what she was doing when she signed away the stock, pointed to the certificate she signed and on which she wrote:

"For love and affection and to provide him with an independent income."

So good-business-man Stewart takes first place and first prize among the Marry-for-Money Men who have achieved freedom after brief romances with older women—and who have retained their purchase price. The list includes many society gigolos but most of that group, after beggaring their silly sweethearts, have come to tragic terminations.

Among Society's unsolved mysteries, the Champion Triple Tragedy of three years ago challenges investigators' skill. This was a deadly triangle indeed, with the stage, sport and society combined. Longer than a decade ago, Albert Champion, wealthy manufacturer, parted from his old-fashioned French wife in Flint, Michigan, and married Edna Crawford, a Follies girl. She wearied of her middle-aged husband, and Charlie Brazelle, a handsome collegiate boxer, of Santa Clara University, turned automobile racer, became her favorite companion.

Champion and Brazelle met and fought in the Hotel Crillon. Soon after, Champion died, and his wife found herself heiress to about $12,000,000 under a will of her husband made soon after their marriage. She would have married her gigolo then—but alas, he was tied to a wife.

Wherefore, the widow and the gigolo became married in all respects save the ceremonial phase, and she did not worry about that long. They came to New York, and Mrs. Champion built the Medical Arts Building at 57 W. 57th St., in Mid-Manhattan's swankiest sector, opened a private club, the Basque, and a night club, in the basement, for the gigolo to manage. A duplex penthouse crowned the structure, above the offices of scores of doctors, and the penthouse was the love nest of the ardent pair.

When Brazelle's wife died, Mrs. Champion began to check him up before marriage and found that his affections were straying far. Suddenly, she was stricken and died, and the gigolo was thrown out of the penthouse. She left her melting millions to relatives. He sued on the ground that he was her common-law husband and that a will making him her heir had been destroyed. The claim was settled by $30,000 payment. Within a few months, he too, died, and his friends asserted he had been slain to suppress "a great secret," just as Mrs. Champion's relatives intimated that she had been killed by the gigolo's administrations of drugs and drink. But the triple riddle remains unsolved!

Aimee Crocker, the California heiress whose spouses were quintuple, took Prince Galatzine of Russia as her fifth husband, when he was twenty-five and she at least twice as old. When they parted, documents produced in court indicated she had hired him originally as a paid escort or gigolo in Paris for $250 a week. And he sued her for wages which he alleged he had never received.

Count Manetti Magnani, a young member of Savoy society, married the former May Hager, of New Jersey, and their romance ended when she sued him demanding the return of a $10,000 check. He retaliated by tying up all her finances. The final disposition of the case was divorce and settlement.

But $30,000 for Brazelle, $250 a week for Prince Galatzine, a pittance for Count Magnani—what are these compared with the $400,000 with which Mrs. Stewart acquired what the court called her bought-and-paid-for man?

Truly, George Broadhurst's hero made a bad bargain when he married the young telephone girl on the stage, but he was able to make a happy ending of it which is something that the wives of the "Bought and Paid For" bridegrooms are not able to accomplish.

CASE OF THE BACKWOODS BORGIA

As she crossed the threshold of her husband's room he let loose a barrage of epithets.

POLICEWOMAN PEARL GUYNES, ace detective of the Madison, Wisconsin, Police Department was assigned by Sheriff Lawrence Larson to the most difficult task that confronts any law enforcement agency—the task of securing sufficient evidence to convict a poisoner of murder.

Direct evidence rarely exists in a poison case because the criminal never doses the food or drink in front of a witness. To convince a jury of guilt beyond the shadow of a reasonable doubt with facts learned indirectly, it becomes necessary to weave a fabric of circumstantial evidence so fitting that it indubitably cloaks the criminal with guilt.

Pearl Guynes, whose innocent violet eyes, as later developed, belie the cool, analytical mind behind them, has an enviable reputation for cracking the hard ones. This was her first "Borgia" case. In order to attack her problem in the light of experience, she studied similar cases of women poisoners and their methods—

She recalled the titian-haired Martha Marek, "devil in petticoats" of Vienna. This woman was convicted recently and sentenced to be beheaded in the fatal poisoning of four people, one of which was her own three-year-old daughter. The police first took notice of her when she chopped off one of her husband's legs to collect 400,000 marks insurance—she collected, and later poisoned him to be rid of a cripple.

When her daughter died mysteriously, then an aunt and finally a seamstress, all of whom were insured by the Widow Marek, the continental insurance companies complained to the police. The authorities, however, were powerless because she had an unblemished reputation legally, and the Austrian law held police officers personally liable for errors. They had a high regard for this woman's mental capabilities and for her ruthlessness. The police could afford to be patient; they gambled on the fact that she had used the commonest of poisons—the easiest to procure.

It took seven years of waiting, until she made her error. She faked a burglary to claim insurance on some household effects. In her insurance policy she had listed a Sherif-Medina prayer rug which she claimed was stolen. But a bright, young detective, who knew his rugs, arrested her because he was aware of the fact that there is only ONE Sherif-Medina prayer rug in existence—and that is closely guarded in the sacred Mohammedan Temple at Mecca!

The police bargained with her: if she would consent to the disinterment of her daughter's body, they would not press the insurance fraud charge. The Marek woman accepted eagerly because, after all, her child had been buried for the past seven years. When confronted with proof that the body still contained the poison she had administered, the startled woman confessed.

Policewoman Guynes examined also the Hahn case of Cincinnati, Ohio, resulting in a conviction and sentence of death in the electric chair of a

Wherein a seemingly loving wife mixed greed and romance to nobody's profit (because a woman detective was smart)

Henry Kessenich, the first husband and first to die!

woman who, the jury decided, had fatally poisoned four aged people. In each instance, according to testimony, blonde Anna Marie Hahn had administered death-dealing doses of arsenic. But she knew more about arsenic than Mrs. Marek; when her victims were beyond aid, but still alive, she fed them oil of croton as an emetic to eliminate all traces of the arsenic, so that should autopsies be performed, traces of the oil of croton might be found but no traces of arsenic. However, she made the error of using the wrong emetic. Oil of croton itself can be a deadly poison!

Pearl Guynes came to the conclusion that poisoners are smart in the choice of their media of destruction, but not smart enough to learn much about the latent qualities of the drugs they use. While, on the other hand, the police have reserves of experts to wield the weapons of science in the battle of wits.

This Borgia case began in 1920 with the marriage of Florence Williamson to Henry Kessenich, in the town of Waunakee, Wisconsin. Two children were the result of this union, which seemed a happy one. The husband was a quiet, hard-working man whose life was devoted to the welfare of his family.

Confronted with the story of her crime by Policewoman Guynes, Mrs. Peters required smelling salts.

Ten years went by. Then, on September 8, 1930, robust Henry Kessenich was suddenly stricken ill and removed to a hospital where he died the following day. He was buried in due course, a victim of pneumonia, according to the death certificate. The bereaved widow took her loss and the $1,000 insurance money philosophically and with her children went to live with relatives.

Three years later, she married John Peters. Criminal history also repeats itself; two children were born of this union, and in July of 1938, Peters was suddenly stricken ill and rushed from the Williamson farm where they lived to a hospital in Madison. He suffered from severe retching, cramps of the stomach and cramps in the calves of his legs which were so strong as to cause his body to double till his knees touched his chin; these are the symptoms of cholera and also of arsenic poisoning. John Peters was not suffering from cholera!

But the poison patient did not die. After a week he was sufficiently recovered to receive visitors. Mrs. Peters, of course, was one of the first.

But when her husband, John, first caught sight of her crossing the threshold of his sickroom, he let loose such a barrage of epithets as to discourage her coming farther. In fact, she retreated—and disappeared.

Mrs. Guynes had been assigned to find her—it was a mere missing persons case then. It took three weeks of unceasing effort, but she finally found the thirty-eight-year-old matron living in a flat in Madison with an itinerant farmhand fourteen years her junior. The young farmer proved to be Elmer Johnson, alias Edward Harvey, a native of Wyoming, who had originally hailed from Alton, Illinois, where he had been raised in an orphanage.

Mrs. Guynes arrested both of them and held the cooing couple on a morals charge. In the meantime, the police received the hospital report on the cause of John Peters' illness, and it justified a charge against Florence Peters of suspicion of attempted murder. The police-woman intuitively felt that further investigation would uncover one of those fantastic, icy-veined manmad women who have appeared in every generation throughout the (*Continued on page* 59)

I DRAW TO MY Aces

—but no one ace can take all the tricks, and no girl can hope to hold all four at once!

By KITTY SHARP

Temper like hell-fire, needs some fixing.

WE WOMEN are awful saps. From the moment when we first peer over the edge of our frilly perambulator into the pair of male eyes that belong in the next go-cart, we are on an everlasting hunt for the Perfect Male.

And this P. M., in order to fill our requirements, would have to be made up of one part Saint, one part Puck, one part Croesus, and one part pure, brimstone Devil. I still maintain that the woman who is so inordinately lucky as to draw such a museum-piece ought to come forward and state the facts for the record.

It seems to me that this game of love is something like draw poker. There are four aces in the deck, and, of course, you always want to draw all of them—but don't. But you've got to admit that one ace isn't to be discarded without reckoning; a pair may even put you in sight of the money; three aces are big time in any gal's hand; and with four of them you stand a good chance of taking everything in sight including the garters.

Now the principal reason we gals are such awful saps is that we want to draw the four aces on every single deal. It can't be done.

Take the Ace of Clubs, for instance, if you want to be flattered openly, flirted with a little, highly amused, and danced right off your feet. He's the chap who never has a dime, but can give you a million dollars worth of fun. He has a keen sense of humor whether it functions at the expense of your silly hat or the great-aunt who sends him his pitiful allowance. He's no good at buying steaks, but he can lead you to the place where the best steaks in town can be bought.

He's hardly eligible as a godfather for your child, but he'll be the life of the party after the christening. You can't depend upon him in an emergency, unless it's a four-alarm fire, in which case he'll be right in where the fire trucks are thickest and the sirens loudest. He can make a divorce (even your own) sound like fun; but he's careful never to become involved in one.

He's one of the few men who can forget that you have kissed him, and that's only because he honestly can't remember. But don't expect him to be much comfort in case of shipwreck.

The Ace of Diamonds is a card of another color and entirely different value. He is much older, for one thing; he hasn't much of a sense of humor, but he has lots of dough, and is naturally more dignified and forceful than Mussolini imagines he is when the Black Shirted babies strut.

Give him the most elaborate and expensive menu in town, and he will carry on in a manner that will have the maitre de hotel, the captain and a dozen waiters hovering over him like protecting angels. And when it comes to Christmas or a birthday he's no mean shakes at Tiffany's or Cartier's. (However, in the privacy of his bachelor quarters he is as likely as not to hoard old razor blades.)

He's no good at dancing, but his conversation can make you forget your tapping feet. He's perfect if you're looking for a godfather, but be sure that he leaves as soon as the minister goes. He'll never hesitate in telling you that he thinks the rest of your friends are "dreadful". He has no patience with a woman's illness, independent ideas, or increasing avoirdupois, and the sight of a straggling lock is likely to throw him.

Then there's the Ace of Spades. He's big, comfortable, phlegmatic, unimaginative, and dull, but he has the world's best listening-ear when you want to tell about your troubles. He isn't clothes-conscious (either yours or his), and the only time he can be counted upon to compliment you on your appearance is when you wear a blue dress. On the other hand, if he came when you were done up in hair-curlers and face cream it wouldn't scare him.

Tell him to wear white tie and tails, and he'll arrive obviously feeling like Heywood Broun looks. He'll take you to lunch almost any time you 'phone and ask him to, but don't expect to be escorted to the Colony or "21". He'll take you to a side-street and prove it's the best food in town.

He's a dead loss at a big dinner party, but absolutely priceless on a camping party or picnic when the handling of the victuals is left to him. His knowledge of books, with the exception of mystery stories, is confined to a dim idea of his college reading, but he's a bug on newspapers.

He has a decided way with handling children, stuck windows, passports and elderly relatives who drop into town. But for some reason you don't care to see him more than once a week (at the most), and every time he brings you home to your door you feel so awfully, awfully tired.

I'll confess that I've palmed the Ace of hearts to the bottom of the deck, because he's the one you usually draw and hold and then complain of because he hasn't all the playing values of the other three. It may take you some time to realize that you're just being silly, and that you're very lucky.

He has a temper like hell-fire and an iron will, but he keeps both of them under control and within the bounds of reason. His sense of humor may not sparkle, but you'll admit that it flows. He may raise the roof when he hears that you've accepted an invitation to go out that evening, and make such an unholy ordeal of dressing that you'll be almost ready to call it off. But the last grunt and grumble will be submerged by the first highball, and from then on he'll behave like a perfect dear. He won't dance as well as the Ace of Clubs, nor can he offer such too, too amazing chatter and gossip. He won't show off any of the perfection of your Ace of Diamonds.

No comfort in a shipwreck.

Dull, but he is a swell listener.

He'll leave his socks in the most unexpected places, and seemingly find delight in turning up at your best cocktail parties wearing his frowziest shirt-collar and baggiest tweeds. He'll have one of his blow-ups when you're least equipped to cope with it, and then surprise you with kindnesses. You'll often look him over and wish that you could make alterations, but given the opportunity you know you'd be scared stiff.

Go ahead, Sister, take a card!

No humor, but has plenty of money.

LADIES LOVE MAYHEM

Swell swinging, almost in the customers' laps . . mixups like this have cost kidneys

By DAN PARKER

IN the prissy Victorian era when eyelash-fluttering damsels were brought up to be the exact antithesis of themselves and no self-respecting sweet sister would think of venturing forth into the croo-yell world unless armed with her dram of smelling salts in case it became necessary for her to swoon, the fallacy sprang up that women are the gentler sex. To appreciate fully what phonies the fainting females of the

hoop-skirt and quadrille era were, one must attend a hockey game and study the expressions, both facial and vocal, of the emancipated gals of the New Deal dynasty in the act of being themselves.

Rose Julian used to call upon her freckled spouse, Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons, to "hit him in the slats, Bob!"

Ma Stribling was wont to exort her first born, Willie, now deceased, to "let him have the right, son!"

Leaping Lena Levy many a time in the heat of battle exhorted her fish-peddling brother, Kingfish Levinsky, to "belt that big bum's brains out!"

But all these womenfolk were gentle Julias compared with our female hockey fan in full cry.

O. Henry wrote of the housewife who used to go into ecstasies, describing the gorgeous beatings her ever-loafing helpmeet administered to her whenever the mood seized him. Women hockey fans gurgle with ill-concealed rapture when a Donneybrook-on-ice is served up to them.

Psychologists, seeking the reason why women go for hockey like their grandmaws used to for a quilting bee, may find it in the fact that the players are injured more often in the ice game than in any other sport with the possible exception of its Celtic version, hurling, and that women have a submerged sadistic strain in them that finds appeasement in the sight of blood and fierce combat. When hockey players battle it out with their sticks in extra-curricular activity, the so-called gentler sex, entranced by the spectacle, revert to the type of their cavewomen progenitors and fancy themselves at a cave's mouth, watching two big, hairy brutes fighting for possession of them.

Are women more wild than the sissy-britches with them? A hockey melee tells it!

A darling of the gallery gals during his long stay in New York with the Rangers and more recently with the Americans, was the much-fractured bald eagle of the ice, Ching Johnson. Ching is supposed to have won his nickname while acting as cook in a lumber camp in the days when such jobs were usually filled by Chinese. Those familiar with Ching's career are more inclined to believe that the significance of his soubriquet lies in the fact that an X-ray photo of his oft-cracked frame would resemble a fine old porcelain of the Ching dynasty.

Dr. Henry Clauss, who sews up the New York Rangers' wounds, did ordinary needlework until Ching came under his care. But, while making Johnson's hide whole again, the good doctor learned crocheting, hemstitching, picoting, Irish point and Battenburg and was invited facetiously to exhibit him at the Needlework Guild's show.

"Ching is sewed up like a Democratic ward in the Solid South," said Dr. Clauss one day, fondly recalling his prize patient and exhibit. "I've hemstitched him, basted him, knitted and purled him, and was working on a nice job of tatting when the Rangers released him. How I envied Dr. Nardiello who sewed him up for the Americans after that! But I shall always have the consolation of having heard from Ching's lips that my work never ripped or unravelled."

Eddie Shore, the bad boy of the National League, has sent many a maiden into ecstasies as he left the ice with gore dripping from him like soup from a handle-bar moustache in a chowder-inhaling derby, or knocked an opposing player pretzel-shaped with his rough and ready tactics.

If all the wires, threads and pieces of catgut that are holding tough Eddie together should suddenly take it upon themselves to snap simultaneously, Shore would resolve himself into the countless grains of sand which go to make up every respectable Shore. Plenty of sand Eddie has, too, or he wouldn't have been able to stand for all he has in hockey. Nor has it been all physical punishment, either. There was the time when he body-checked Ace Bailey of Toronto so viciously that Ace wound up with a fractured skull.

Fortunately for both Shore and himself, Bailey recovered and now holds a soft job as coach of the University of Toronto sextet, with a nest egg, provided by a benefit game run by the National League, stowed away for a rainy day.

Shore, deeply affected by the Bailey incident, went to Toronto to play in the benefit game, expecting to be lynched. Instead, the fans of Bailey's home town generously applauded him throughout. Ever since then, Shore has held himself pretty well in check but occasionally his fighting spirit gets the better of him and he can't restrain himself. Women fans cheer Shore wildly in Boston, but elsewhere he is booed by the fair ones.

A common hockey injury is the crushing of the kidney. Big Charley Conacher of the famous Toronto clan which so far has produced three great players for the National Hockey League, manages to get by with one kidney—and hockey fans will tell you that men of his kidney are rare in the game. Back in 1930, the young giant suffered such a severe check into the boards that he had to have an injured kidney removed. The operation didn't affect his playing in the least and he is still going strong.

Red Dutton, manager of the New York Amerks, apologized recently: "Hardly anyone is killed in hockey any more."

"It's a peculiar but pleasant phenomenon," says Lester Patrick of the Rangers, discussing the appeal hockey has for women. "They like it best when its rough, but rough or tame they like it. If you take ten women to a hockey game for the first time, nine of them will become fans, because they have no prior loves in the world of sport. Take ten men to their first hockey game only three or four will become fans."

Sweet shudders of painful delight run through the gals when there's a brawl on the ice.

Down from the top galleries will come the hysterical sopranos of high school girls, heard above the more subdued contraltos of their grown-up sisters as they scream for Dave Schriner to "cave that clunk's skull in" or beg handsome Murray Patrick to "bust that big bum on the beezer!"

In marked contrast to the dead-panned males at their side, the gals give until it hurts and the more it hurts the more they give.

By MARTA LA ROCQUE
Divorce Detective

Confessions of an Eavesdropper

MAYBE I'm just an old-fashioned girl at heart. Anyway, I can't help it. I think women are terrible. Especially women who are unfaithful to their husbands—no matter what the excuse—and women who have no compunction about stealing another girl's husband.

I consider myself very well qualified to make a statement like that. Because I am a professional eavesdropper. It is my job to listen in on conversations piped direct from "love nests" by way of the dictograph. To be more explicit, I am a private detective who specializes in obtaining "divorce evidence."

My job is to clamp on the earphones and jot down in short hand every word uttered by the unsuspecting person "under observation." This is to facilitate later translation of the phonographic records of the conversations obtained by the dictophone. Because many times they are "fuzzy" or unintelligible in spots.

I thought I would never get over the shock of "listening in" on my first case. It seemed then as though such things just couldn't be. This, I thought at the time, must be the exception. But I was to learn soon that the case was exceptionally mild. I began to toy with the idea of quitting my job when suddenly it dawned on me that I, Marta La Rocque, was being afforded an opportunity that many a psychologist would envy.

And as a result, I adopted a more professional, more objective attitude toward my work—like a physician in the laboratory. And, so far as I was concerned, my subjects were human guinea pigs. There must be, I concluded, a perfectly logical reason why they act the way they do.

I have had ample time to form my conclusions. Sometimes I have listened in for as long as five and six weeks on a single case. And in that length of time a person who becomes interested in the persons under observation cannot help but form certain opinions about them. In every instance I have decided that it's the woman who is at fault.

The women of America, from what I can see, have become spoiled, selfish, willful, and temperamental without cause.

Wives, I might add at this point, occasionally resort to the dictophone in an effort to get evidence against erring husbands. But most of the cases I have been on were financed by husbands who sought to check up on the extra-marital activities of their wives.

I have had women ask me: "Why doesn't a man ask his wife point blank if she's guilty, in the modern, civilized manner, instead of installing a microphone in her boudoir?"

The Dictograph Used by Detectives Looks Very Much Like a Portable Phonograph. Marta La Rocque, Right, Is Shocked by What She Hears.

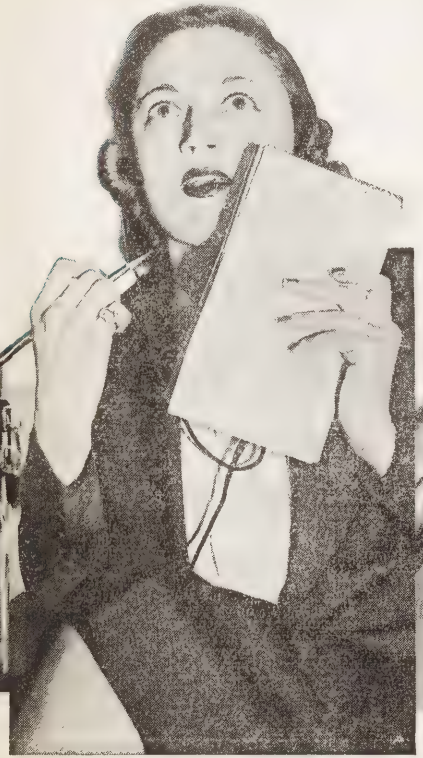
My answer to that is: "If you had had the opportunity, as I have, of eavesdropping on some of these wives, you would know that they weren't very civilized to begin with. A point blank question of the sort suggested would merely project some major domestic fireworks which would undoubtedly result in the husband being sued."

Take this snatch of conversation that drifted across the dictaphone wires to my ears one afternoon. I was covering a "love nest" in a large New York apartment at the time. The erring wife and her boy friend had just entered:

The Wife: "Imagine, darling, the hypocrisy of that other woman. Why, she called my husband on the house telephone just as he was sitting down to dinner."

The Boy Friend: "She did, eh?"

The Wife: "Yes, the little wretch. I could just scratch her eyes out."



The Boy Friend: "Ha, ha, ha, ha . . ."

The Wife: "Well, for goodness sakes! What's so funny about that?"

The Boy Friend: "Well, you call me just at dinner time, don't you?"

(Much laughter.)

Then there was the wife with the over-developed maternal instinct. Her own husband, I knew for a fact, had to look out for himself around his home. There was no one to darn socks or sew buttons on for him. Yet, here was how this woman catered to her gigolo boy friend whom she was practically supporting—with her husband's money.

The Wife (entering apartment): "Honey, you are so careless. Just look at all soiled shirts in this bureau drawer . . ."

Gigolo: "Yeah, they do sort of pile up, don't they? I have been intending to send them to the laundry . . ."

The Wife: ". . . and all these socks . . . tsk-tsk. . . . I don't know what you would do without me to take care of you, dear. I shall take all of these things home with me and bring them back to you next week all spic and span . . ."

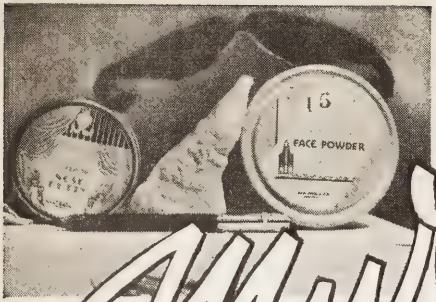
Gigolo: "I like those ties your husband wears, too. They're swell."

The Wife: "Yes, dear? I am glad. John has so many of them he'll never miss a few now and then."

Spoiled wives! That's what the lax marriage and divorce laws of America have engendered. It always does my heart good when I turn the transcript and records of these conversations over to the husband's lawyer and know that it's going to result in little or no alimony for the wife.

It is seldom, however, that these dictagraph conversations are actually introduced in court as evidence. Of course, there is no technical reason why they cannot be admitted under the proper circumstances. But, as it happens, the mere knowledge of the guilty party that they exist is generally sufficient to result in their acquiescing to a hasty and quiet (*Continued on page 57*)

The "heart" of the dictagraph is the tiny microphone which is planted in the room by detectives before the suspected parties enter.



With these makeup materials, a clever killer played a strange Jekyll-Hyde role.

Murder in MAKE-UP

Lila Kangas—a midnight marauder's blazing gun made her a widow.

THE shrill, fearful shriek of a woman pierced the sleep of farmer Joe Strang. At that hour of the morning when the human resistance is at its lowest ebb, this burly man felt the tide of an unfathomable fear surge over him as he groped for the light switch.

When his fumbling fingers found it, the light revealed his wife sitting up in bed, frozen speechless, listening to incoherent sobs of a woman mingled with the low, soothing monotone of a man's bass.

With Mrs. Strang's pleas to be careful following him, Strang descended the stairs. At his front door, he found the scantily clad Lila Kangas, youthful wife of his neighbor, Walter Kangas, supported on the arm of Theo Swansberg, their hired man.

Hysterically she sobbed that someone had shot her husband, that she needed help to get him to the hospital. Strang took her hand sympathetically, led her to a living room chair and left her to the kind ministrations of his wife. Then the men hurried out to aid her stricken mate.

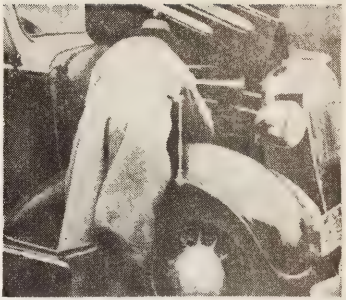
The crime was committed on May 8, 1938, at the Kangas farmhouse on East Maple Avenue, about two miles outside Geneva, Ohio.

Corporal W. B. Umpleby, at the Geneva station of the Ohio State Patrol, was advised of the shooting by Dr. Marion Martin of the Geneva Community Hospital and he immediately notified Sheriff Jerry Benson of Ashtabula County at Jefferson, about twenty miles away. At the urgent summons the sheriff dressed hurriedly and raced to the hospital only to learn that the patient had died without regaining consciousness.

Sheriff Benson lost no time in questioning the widow, who, while still suffering from shock, was able to talk. Her story was, that after a usual, uneventful evening at home she and her husband had retired for the night. She had been awakened by someone rapping on the back door.

She aroused her husband and together they went downstairs. As she opened the back door, her husband stood behind her. A strange man stood in the darkness peering at them. His face was old and wrinkled; he appeared to be over fifty years of age, about five feet ten in height. He wore a long coat, a cap pulled well down on his head which almost hid a pair of heavy tor-

Death paid a strange visit to the Kangas family in this Ohio farmhouse.



The hood of the car held an important secret for the detectives on the killer's trail.

toise rimmed glasses. She had never seen him before, of that she was sure.

"He inquired for a man named John Kangas who owed him fifty dollars. He said he needed the money badly because his son was in the hospital as the result of an automobile accident. Walter assured him that he had called at the wrong house, but the old man insisted and became abusive. When my husband threatened to chase him from our property, he pushed me out of the way with one hand, and with the other he pulled a black pistol from his pocket and fired point blank at Walter. As my husband fell, I screamed and ran to Theo's room and awoke him; together we hurried to our nearest neighbors, the Strangs, to get help. That's all I know. . . ."

Sheriff Benson decided to resort to that usually inexhaustible fountain of information—neighbors. First he questioned Strang; but he only helped to deepen the mystery. At ten o'clock the previous evening, Strang was about to go upstairs to bed when someone knocked at his door. His nocturnal visitor was an old man with a wrinkled face who inquired where Walter Kangas lived. He was told and departed. The description of the visitor was identical with that of the one given by Lila Kangas of the killer. Strang described how, later, he was awakened and assisted in getting the injured man to the hospital. He added, as an afterthought, that they couldn't use the Kangas car to transport the wounded man because it wouldn't start; so they tried to borrow a car at the house of Steve Kovalcik, a young tractor mechanic who lived across the road, but they were told that he had driven to Cleveland earlier in the evening. They finally got a car from a neighbor on Myers Road. In response to a question asked by the sheriff, Strang vehemently insisted that Mrs. Kangas' reputation was beyond reproach.

Steve Kovalcik was questioned as to whether he had seen the mysterious wrinkled man. He stated that he had been away. He had left Geneva at seven o'clock in the evening to visit his sister in Cleveland, seventy miles away. In Cleveland, the landlady at the rooming house where his sister lived told him that she had gone to night school so Kovalcik waited for her in his car.

He fell asleep, he said, and awoke so late he decided to return home immediately—which brought him back to Geneva at 1 A. M., at which time he learned of the tragedy.

He had never heard the slightest suspicion of scandal linked to Mrs. Kangas. He did know, however, that old man Francheau, who lived alone in a shack about half a mile down the road, was owed about five hundred dollars by Kangas.

Francheau had built a barn for the farmer for which the latter had refused to pay, claiming that the old man had not completed the job.

Old man Francheau was brought in. He answered the description of the mysterious visitor as he was about five feet ten inches tall, past fifty and wrinkled. He admitted that he had been angry at Kangas, but insisted that he had decided to complete the job to (*Continued on page 61*)

Steve Kovalcik—he pointed the finger of suspicion at wrinkled old carpenter Francheau.

ROUT A RECTOR *Spooks*

The Rev. G. E. Smith smiled at suggestions from townsfolk that the Borley rectory was haunted.

FIRST of all, let us concede there are no ghosts on earth. You know and I know that a white curtain flapping through the open window of an empty house; the swinging of a rusty-hinged shutter—we know that almost all the ghosts at large may be traced to such simple sources.

Well as you and I know that, we do not know it half as well as the Rev. G. E. Smith of the Church of England knew it when he was called to be rector of Borley, a little town in Suffolk within sight of famous Colchester, within an hour's drive of London, in a practical, prosperous community. Cultured, intellectual, the Rev. Mr. Smith smiled at suggestions that Borley Rectory was haunted.

That was more than five years ago. Today, Borley Rectory is vacant—that is, there are no human, living people there. The Rev. and Mrs. Smith have fled in fright from what they saw and heard and felt in the ancient church and rectory.

Of course, you and I know that he saw no ghosts. Ghosts do not go clanking around the countryside in the era of radio, airplane and submarine. But the Rev. Mr. Smith may be forgiven if he is not so sure. And his brothers of the cloth, who have listened to his narrative and visited the scene, may be absolved of superstition when they refuse to take his place there.

Yet, you do not have to believe a word of the testimony of the rector and his wife or the weird legends of the countryside. You can go and buy the rectory for less than $25,000, a genuine bargain for the picturesque building.

But before you decide to buy it, you might wait for the publication of a book which the Hon. Harry Price, secretary of the University of London Council for Psychical Research, is now completing.

The Hon. Secretary Price and a committee of other incredulous scientists have spent many weeks studying the phenomena of the church and rectory and—this is somewhat disquieting—they cannot explain it. The extraordinary events described by the rector and others did take place, they assert, as stated or substantially so.

Sheafs of solemnly sworn documents give an impressive foundation for the spiritual activities described. On the first day of the clergyman's occupation, Mrs. Smith heard a plaintive call, "Marianne, dear," as she bustled about the boudoir. The muffled voice appeared to emanate from the walls. That night the rector heard footsteps as from the roof and an odor as of burning meat pervaded the building. Soon after, Mrs. Smith glimpsed a gaunt figure in plum-colored dressing gown in the hallway!

Repeatedly, in the days that followed, Mrs. Smith found pencilled notes, in childish feminine writing: "Please help, get——" and "Marianne, please help", and similar appeals, including "Get light, mass and prayers here." White-faced and fearful, the rector sought to trace the appeals but got nowhere, literally.

Stricken ill, Mrs. Smith went to bed. She was wakened by a force which flung her to the floor and hurled the mattress over her. Invoking divine protection, then, the rector, followed by his wife, went from room to room sprinkling holy water on walls and floor. Suddenly, Mrs. Smith screamed. A stone, as big as the rector's fist, struck her on the shoulder. As she sought refuge in sleep that night, Mrs. Smith was struck under the eye with a heavy weapon. Searching the room, the rector found a heavy hammer head with a broken handle near the

Maid Mary Pearson accepted the manifestations as commonplace.

Maybe there are no ghosts but this panicky dominie's family would like to have it proved!
'A BROKEN HAMMER FELL IN THE BED — THE AIR WAS FULL OF FLOATING LIGHTS'

Illustration by Edw. Klauck

bed, apparently the instrument of attack.

But the Rev. Mr. Smith was not of the stuff that surrenders to spirits without a struggle. Despite the evidence, he refused—even as you and I—to admit ghosts or any of their ilk existed. He talked to Mary Pearson, the maid. She told him that the previous rector had died in the house. A plum-colored dressing gown? Yes, he used to wear one, she said. The maid accepted the manifestations as commonplace. Everyone in town knew of them, she said, as if she were discussing Autumn foliage. The previous rector had seen a coach and four stop at the rectory, then drive on, and everyone knew there was a young woman sealed in one of the walls! Now on July 28, she said, they might see——

Stuff and nonsense, the rector protested, and would listen to no more. But the household stayed awake on the night of July 28 and down the steps a white figure, apparently in the robes of a novice in a nunnery, drifted and disappeared into the vague black shadow which passed to the sound of steel on stone, as of galloping horses!

Mystified, the rector explored the history of the old house. He found it had been built on the foundations of a 14th century monastery which was joined by subterranean passage to a nunnery miles away. Tradition told that a novice had eloped with a lay brother in ancient days from the monastery and they had driven away in a coach only to be recaptured. The brother was hanged and beheaded, a short time after the capture, said the legend, and the nun sealed alive in the wall.

Valiantly, the rector remained, defying the appearance of lights in vacant rooms, of eerie noises, of agonized messages on the wall—in which nothing was found. The Council for Psychical Research came then to clear the imp-infested air and found far more than the scientific investigators anticipated. Just what they think of it all will not be known until the Honorable Secretary's report, in book-form, is published. In the meantime, the Borley Rectory is for sale at a figure that is attractive—if you are sure you don't believe in ghosts!

How the Gay Life Jinxed the Dancer

(Continued from page 31)

before her wardrobe had consisted solely of a colorful sarong or two. She adored everyone and everything. On tour over the country it was the same. In one city after another Reri captured the fancy not only of the multitudes but also of the elite.

Finally Reri went to Europe. I went with her and if I was amazed at her adaptability on these shores, her conquest of the Continent was nothing short of astounding. Reri knew French—her father was a French army officer and her mother Polynesian—but in Warsaw she completely mastered Polish, a most difficult language, in three months. She was a sensation in Poland and remained there over a year. We went to Berlin and in a few weeks she understood the language.

Wherever she went romance followed her. Men fell in love with her and pursued her everywhere. She had many offers of marriage, but refused them all.

"Marriage with a white man could only bring us both unhappiness," she would insist.

In Amsterdam a charming financier was most anxious to make her his wife. But even he, eventually, was to realize that Reri could never be "tamed." He wanted to marry her desperately, but at the same time he had hopes of "changing" her—to make her more of the woman of the world and less of the gamin. It was necessary in his social and business life that the woman who should become his wife should be an asset. He tried but he failed.

They would be invited to a formal dinner and Reri would insist on dragging along a dozen girl friends.

"Because they are hungry," she would naively explain.

On one occasion he called for her at her apartment and found her scrubbing the floors while her maid lounged in a comfortable chair, smoking.

In a rage he asked Reri the meaning of the strange procedure.

"Why, the maid is tired," Reri explained. "She couldn't sleep last night and so she needs rest today."

And she meant it. She was sorry for that maid and in her sincerity she could do no less than she did.

It was her Holland-Dutch admirer who finally put her on a boat at Marseilles and sent her back to Tahiti.

"Reri can't be civilized," he wept sadly.

When she arrived at Papeete, after three long months on the water, she made another typical Reri gesture. With trunks laden with Paris gowns and furs, she slipped on the sarong which she wore when she left five years before. It was the only thing she could be persuaded to wear for her landing.

"I don't want them to think I've gone 'high-nose'," she explained.

Then to her amazement, she found that civilization had invaded Tahiti. On disembarking she found that the native girls were dressed in shorts and slacks, gay bandannas about their modern coiffures and smart sandals on their feet. Only Reri wore a sarong. It broke her heart—not that she was thus dressed but that her sister Tahitians had changed. She wouldn't stay in Papeete, then, but went to Moorea which remained untouched by the white man's fashions.

She had one respite. A year after her return the Samuel Goldwyn studios brought her to Hollywood for a small part in "Hurricane." But she had to return as soon as it was over. For she had no permanent visa. And she cannot have one today.

Fifty-one per cent white blood is the law's requirement for such a passport. And Reri's blood contains only fifty.

"Can you imagine," she cries today. "For one little per cent I must stay where I am!"

Reri writes to me frequently in her unhappiness. She yearns for American clothes. She longs for another look at the Great White Way. She seeks surcease in the native "nightclubs" where she makes "Tahoopie" as she calls it—her "slanguage" for Tahitian Whoopie. She gets a kick from simple things—an occasional fan letter from one who has seen "Hurricane." But for the most she moans:

"There's nothing much to do here in Tahiti. Just the same—drink, love, eat and sleep."

It is pathetic, but I am afraid that Reri must remain in Tahiti. I could invite her back for a short time. But what would be the use? She cannot remain—and with each respite, it would be harder for her to return. I know now that Murnau was right. Reri should never have come to America!

"I wish you'd break them before I wash them!"

Cursed by a Gangster's Ghost

(Continued from page 7)

became familiar in America. Perhaps it would have thrived except for what happened.

It wasn't long until Anna began to receive messages from a group who signed themselves, "The Avengers of Dillinger." They threatened that if she didn't "kick in" regularly to them every week they would see to it that her son by her first marriage, 17-year-old Steve Chiolak, back in Chicago, would be murdered.

Her son was more dear to Anna Sage than life itself. Among her hopes for the future was that someday, somehow, the United States government would relent and permit her to return to Chicago. She longed to be reunited with Steve, and to live happily with him.

"The Woman in Red" had nonchalantly put the finger on John Dillinger as they sauntered out of the Biograph Theatre together that evening. It was she who scoffed at police fears that her life was in danger as a result. Yet, when a band of second rate blackmailers threatened the life of him who was most dear to her, she turned into a whimpering, pleading hysterical wreck.

Anna Sage paid and paid. In fact she was forced to pay so much, so consistently, that she finally had to give up her night club enterprise. All her profits went to the blackmailers.

Finally, when she could bear the constant persecution no longer she decided to flee from Timisoara. She went on to Budapest. That was where she first visited a plastic surgeon. She is said to have instructed him to dye her hair gray, and operate on her face so that she would look like an aging woman with deep lines from nostrils to the corners of her lips. This, she reasoned, would throw the blackmailers off her trail. They wouldn't recognize her. She would change her name, too.

The Timisoara gang—who ironically called themselves "The Avengers of Dillinger"—were not to be so easily duped, however. They had not planned to lose such easy money overnight. When Anna Sage disappeared in Budapest they knew she was trying to outwit them. It didn't take them long to see through her disguise.

Anna Sage fled from Budapest to Fiume, Italy. Thence to Alexandria. It did no good. She was unable to shake the avenging ghost of Dillinger. Now she was thoroughly afraid to ask for police protection. And so it was, in Cairo, Egypt, that she applied for admission to the sanitarium for incurables.

Maybe "The Woman in Red" had reached the point where she actually felt like an incurable. Who knows? At any rate, she was refused admission after an examination. The examining physician said there was nothing wrong with her. Only nerves. That was all. Nerves. And they're not incurable.

It must have been then that the once courageous "Woman in Red" conceived the ghastly idea for escaping from her tormentors. It must have been then that she visited a plastic surgeon again and underwent the knife in an attempt to escape once and for all the threats of her blackmailers.

Confessions of An Eavesdropper

(Continued from page 51)

divorce. If the husband is in possession of the records—he *saves* huge payments of alimony. If the wife has them—she *collects* heavy alimony.

Successful eavesdropping is not as simple as it sounds. You must remember that the "love nest" under observation must be "wired for sound" before the dictograph can function. And it must be wired in such a way as to not arouse suspicion.

The most difficult part of this procedure is in gaining access to the apartment and planting a couple of microphones. More than that, the wires have to be cleverly concealed and then strung to a nearby apartment in the same building, or in the basement. Where it looks as though a particular job is going to be a long and difficult one, we rent another apartment in the same building. I have made one apartment my headquarters for as long as three months while working on a single case.

Dictograph detectives have a definite formula for gaining access to the apartment they want to "wire for sound." The first step is to rent an apartment in the same building and immediately gain the confidence of the superintendent and his wife. A half a month's rent as a tip always helps considerably. Then the official must be convinced that dictophones are being planted in the apartment only for the best interests of all concerned.

The superintendent is told that a doting relative of the woman involved is afraid that she is being led astray by the man in question, and wants to make certain that no harm comes to her. This generally does the trick. However, it never fails that the superintendent gets cold feet the day the "mikes" are to be installed. This is the signal for one of the detectives to rush him out to lunch, or to the nearest cafe, for a long and involved consultation. While this is in progress the "sound men" enter the apartment with a pass-key. Skillfully and silently they work. By the time the consultation is done the apartment is thoroughly wired—unknown to the superintendent, who is then led to believe that he has had the last word.

I have known cases where the "sound men" have had to work so fast that they were unable to fasten one "mike" securely. Later, right in the midst of our eavesdropping activities it crashed to the floor with a terrific clatter which we heard with sinking hearts at our end of the wire.

The occupants of the apartment, however, after a slight lull in their conversation, concluded that the sound was something in a neighboring apartment. They never even found the fallen "mike," which lay on the floor in plain sight. And this was the conversation that drifted over the wires:

Boy Friend: "Sounds like the love birds next door were throwing things at one another."

The Wife: "That's mild compared to what's going to happen to my husband when he gets home tonight!"

Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I can't help thinking that women are terrible.

Sex Comes of Age

(Continued from page 9)

thing with her. Gloria was smart.

She learned how to fool them.

The education they prescribed and the one she was getting were poles apart. Gloria was pretty and peppy and Fun at Any Price was her motto; so the boys at high school and later at a co-educational college were mad about her.

She got ideas from everything and everyone: The sixteen foot kiss of Garbo and John Gilbert, the double entendre songs of the husky nymphs in speakeasies. She was a good sport. When she came to New York, on a secret errand, she pawned her wrist watch and fur coat to get the hundred dollars she needed; then wrote the girls back at school she was recovering from appendicitis.

After that you couldn't fool her any more.

She finally married a rather nice young bond salesman who'd been a famous football star (most of the Glorias of the fabulous twenties married ex-football stars). On her honeymoon she made a rather feeble crack about leaving propagation to Minnie the Sturgeon, but she meant it.

No children for Gloria. No gunfodder. No pawns against Fate.

It was fashionable to talk that way shortly after the depression, and Gloria always followed the crowd. Reno for her first divorce. Paris for the second. (Gloria always insisted she was a sucker for Paris in the Spring.) She got stuck with a gigolo, but it was so long since anyone had put something over on her, that she kept him for pure amusement. She had fun in Paris, and more fun, a whirlwind of it, when she returned to New York. "Before my next misstep," she laughed, but she'd already decided on the boy. She was a little sick of older men who worried about the falling Market and got silly over their fourth drink. It was to be a young fellow this time. Suddenly she needed the security of marriage, though invariably she picked husbands with wandering eyes. Wandering toward the little blonde at the next table who wore absolutely no makeup and make Gloria feel a hundred years old.

Before she was thirty-four, Gloria had a face-lift, a delicate operation that eliminated the pouches under her great lovely eyes. But a half year later the pouches were back, worse than ever; and Gloria found herself shaking like a thyroid sufferer until she'd had her first morning drink. Her nerves were shot.

So on Sunday afternoon, Gloria gave a cocktail party for a casual friend, an actress. The party was a success; it was past midnight when her cronies left for another hangout.

Gloria refused to go with them. She didn't know why. There was a funny, squeamish feeling at the pit of her stomach, but she wasn't sick. She felt curiously numb, as if she were coming out of ether and life was clearly drawn to her. She felt young again, and untouched, and she didn't want day to come again, ever . . . Yet after a while dawn came up, a grayish flush of light brought everything into focus again. Suddenly Gloria stood up and went to the tall French window and opened it. The street far below her was deserted. The air was cool and sweet and touched her tired skin gently. She closed her eyes for a moment and thought, "Perhaps I can begin all over again," and just then she must have stumbled . . .

* * *

Dorothy and Gloria, each seeking happiness and never finding it, are quite different from the newest generation, the Youth of 1938 presonified in Joan.

Joan, product of the depression and intelligent education, is the white hope of civilized marriage. She's a sane, up to the minute youngster who doesn't need the aid of psychiatrists and psychoanalysts; she knows her own mind, and she's got plenty of common sense. Even before she met her Bob, she'd read books by Freud and Stopes (not for smut, as Dorothy read her father's medical books) and she's attended classes of the college Marriage Clinic. She is the link between her pioneer grandmother and the finest woman of the future.

You couldn't talk to her like that, of course. With youthful reticence, she'd grin (more boyishly than Dorothy or Gloria; less conscious of her charm) and answer, "Well, it's just good horse sense. I have only those talents that should make me a good housewife and a swell mother. Now if this is going to be my future, I want to be about the best wife and companion Bob can have."

Joan's parents are part of the good substantial middle class who can make three thousand a year go a long way toward comforts and happiness. Joan worked Summers and got to know the value of money without becoming a miser. She'll never be an extravagant wife.

Joan is lucky; her mother taught the child all she need know about sex, at each stage of her youth, with the help of books written by child psychologists. Then, too, Joan's mother made a success of marriage, so the daughter is pretty sure to follow in parental footsteps. Except that her approach will be more candid and modern.

Joan's generation has revolted against the emotional chains that crushed Dorothy. They're disgusted with Gloria's promiscuity. They'd gladly chip in to get a girl out of a mess; but the second time they'd consider her a darn fool.

No girl like Joan will ever watch dawn creep through a lovely apartment, empty of purpose or happiness, and seek an expression for her futility through an open window.

There will be no Other Woman nor Other Man: for Joan and Bob are good friends, as well as lovers, and though you may cheat on love and be forgiven, you cannot cheat a friend.

Joan and the boy she will marry are the new pioneers, the children who have matured in this decade of depression. The older generation has lost its way, but these youngsters have come ahead, sure of themselves and fearless, and ready to fight for happiness. They want less material comforts and more spiritual things.

Dorothy's husband pacified her with a jewel; Gloria's with a trip to Bermuda. But Joan's husband need give her only loyalty and love. Joan is the stopgap for the appalling fall in birth-rates.

The Case of the Backwoods Borgia

(Continued from page 45)

ages and who were made infamous by Lucrezia Borgia. With this thought in mind, she paid a visit to the convalescing Peters at the hospital.

She learned that the patient had been ill with a minor ailment for a week. His solicitous wife prevailed upon him to drink two glasses of milk. Shortly thereafter he became violently ill. Despite the protests of his wife, who insisted she could care for him, he demanded to be taken to a hospital immediately. He could give no further information.

Even with such evidence, the woman detective realized how difficult it would be to convince a jury beyond the shadow of a reasonable doubt that Mrs. Peters was guilty of attempted murder. Her next step, she decided, must be a visit to the Williamson farm to learn, if possible, the source of the poison. At the suggestion of Sheriff Larson, she was accompanied by Patrolman George Manthey, of Waunakee, who was acquainted with everybody in the vicinity.

At the farm they learned that arsenic of lead had been used for spraying plants, but a search of the barn and tool-shed failed to reveal any. Arsenic is a white powder which might easily be confused with white miller's flour.

While Manthey searched the farmhouse, Mrs. Guynes went through the dish closet and pantry; every container of white powder such as sugar, salt, flour, baking powder, etc., was put to the test of her sniffing nose. Finally tucked away in a corner, she found a little plain green and white paper bag which contained a small quantity of white powder—it gave off a faint odor of garlic. This is the layman's test for arsenic. The search was ended!

Aware of the fact that her quarry might at any moment be released on the morals charge, Mrs. Guynes, though physically exhausted, raced against time to the little town of Waunakee, which lies about eight miles north of Madison. This was Mrs. Peters' home city, where she had been born and raised. Many people recalled her and her first husband. There had been front porch rumors about Florence—however, talk never got beyond the rumor stage because she was adept in masking both her emotions and her actions.

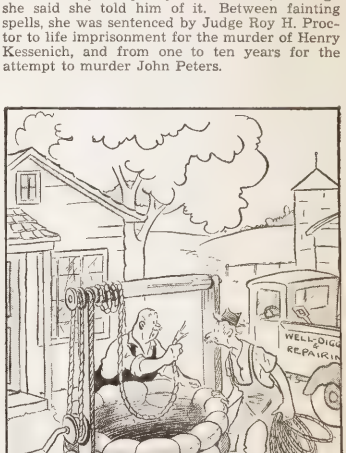
Henry, they remembered, as a kindly man, robust in health. His sudden death was a surprise as well as a shock, and they had always been suspicious of the circumstances under which it occurred. This suspicion inevitably led Mrs. Guynes to an interview with the unfortunate man's brother, Leo. He declared that he had been convinced from the dying man's last few words and gestures, that Henry had died from poisoned tea served to him by his wife.

Mrs. Guynes returned swiftly to Madison. When Sheriff Larson read the details of his patrolwoman's report of her investigation at Waunakee, he immediately took steps to get an order for the exhumation of the body of Henry Kessenich. The disinterment took place the following day and Dr. Frank L. Kozelka, State toxicologist, and Dr. S. B. Pessin, university pathologist, made an examination of the remains.

They reported finding considerable quantities of arsenic in the roots of the deceased's hair, in the flesh and even in the bones. They stated, also, that they had performed tests which caused them to believe that the arsenic had been absorbed shortly before death. Pearl Guynes was satisfied now that she had sufficient circumstantial evidence which an able prosecutor could present to a jury and receive a conviction of murder.

It was an amazed and horrified prisoner who listened to her own deadly secrets being revealed to her by another woman. The woman detective spared her nothing in the recital, and summed up with: "Florence Peters, you helped convict yourself of murder. All you poisoners slip up sooner or later because you get over-confident and careless. After the first attempt is successful, you think it is a simple matter to get away with murder. You killed your first husband by dosing his tea; but your second husband lives to testify against you because you used milk to convey your poison—and you didn't know that milk is an antidote to poison!"

Realizing the futility of attempting to refute the weight of evidence amassed by her Nemesis, the backwoods Borgia confessed. In her confession she entirely exonerated her youthful male friend of any complicity in the crime, although she said she told him of it. Between fainting spells, she was sentenced by Judge Roy H. Proctor to life imprisonment for the murder of Henry Kessenich, and from one to ten years for the attempt to murder John Peters.



"It won't hold my wife when she goes down for the butter!"

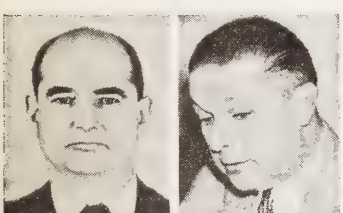
Give Me a Widow of 50

(Continued from page 25)

of other innocents, few of whom will be able to sustain the loss as she has done."

Will the experience teach this widow a lesson? The records argue against it. The Attorney General's files today bulge with evidence of victims of a ruthless racketeer who employed a so-called spiritualist to steer weak, wealthy widows to financial fleecing. The medium went into trances and invoked the spirits of the dead husbands of her audiences. The husbands advised the widows to draw their money from the bank or sell sound securities and invest all they owned in the worthless stock of the promoter. The alleged spiritualist worked on salary plus commission and grew rich until Bennett's men ended the show.

Russell Ryder, the Broadway Playboy and Wall Street Wonder, cheated men whom he lured by avarice and women he courted out of about $500,000 nine years ago. Emerging from Sing Sing after two years, he went back to Wall Street and stole at least $200,000 more before he was arrested.



1,500 widows were on Martin Leach's sucker list. At right, Baron von Pogner, whose looks were a lure.

And many of his victims were widows—but they would not come forward to testify openly. He died as he entered Sing Sing to serve a second sentence.

Then there was Philip H. Philbin, Jr. His yen to have his name appear in society columns eventually trapped him. Sought by federal agents for three years on a charge of using the mails to defraud in connection with stock market manipulations, he finally was traced through notices in society columns.

What is the most attractive bait for widows? A middle-aged, distinguished-looking salesman, with a Continental manner! He can sell anything, unless stopped by the authorities, and the more eager the prospects are for high dividends the easier he works and the richer his rewards. Anything? Yes, ANYTHING!

The old green goods and gold-brick salesmen used to be rated the nerviest out of captivity. The brazen blacklegs who used to sell immigrants the Brooklyn Bridge went a step farther. But these all were pikers compared to some specimens of security salesmen unearthed by the New York State prosecutor.

Stocks, bonds and concessions were sold recently on the security of a Susquehanna River bridge.

There was no bridge, nor even any contracts for it, nor any franchise authorizing construction. In the hoary Brooklyn Bridge swindle, there was at least a bridge.

Among the many amazing exhibits in the Attorney General's office is a machine—an electrical Ouija board—in which blocks of stock were sold to widows and widowers, too. The avowed object of the board was to show how Wall Street could be beaten by radio-activity! When the current is turned on, a pencil moves over a sheet containing the names of stocks. After a tense interval, the pencil stops at a stock line which is crossed by a list of prices. By a simple tabulation, the investor can calculate what to buy and when to buy it—and the stock salesman is right beside the machine to make the trade. A wonderful device which the poorest or wealthiest widow might have felt it a duty to herself to operate—but the Attorney General put that one out of commission.

What is the time of life when widows are most susceptible to the swindler's wiles? When they are around half a century in years, and their husbands are recently deceased, the records indicate. So the toast of the financial racketeer, in the town's swank bars, with glass raised high, echoes:

"*Here's to the widow of fifty!*"

Murder in Makeup

(Continued from page 53)

Mr. Kangas' satisfaction and get his money. He had gone to bed at eight o'clock the night before, same as any other day, he claimed. He was held.

And then a bomb exploded! It came in the form of a ballistic report from Cleveland. The report stated that only the lead core of the bullet had been taken from the body of the deceased. The steel jacket of the slug was missing. By microscopic examination, marks on the lead slug showed that the steel jacket had been sawed in quarters and bent outward like flower petals and then forced back into shape in order to fit into the barrel of a gun. Walter Kangas had been killed by a dum dum bullet!

The automobile which had failed its owner in his greatest hour of need was next in turn for investigation. While fingerprint men went over the inside with their powder and brushes, Benson made a thorough examination of the mechanism. Finally he sent for the neighboring tractor mechanic, Kovalcik. The mechanic was requested by the detective to find out why the car wouldn't start. The mechanic lifted the hood and took off the distributor head. Pointing to its interior, he turned to the sheriff and said: "She won't start because the rotor is missing from the distributor."

"Yes," replied the sheriff, "I know it, but it took me about a half hour to find that out. It didn't take you but five seconds. As a mechanic you should have looked a number of places for the trouble before you got to the distributor. You knew where the trouble was all the time, that's why you went directly to it. You removed the rotor last night! I arrest you for the murder of Walter Kangas!"

Then began a grilling in which Benson and Deputy Casbourne took turns all day and into the night without the slightest sign of success.

At four o'clock in the morning the officers called a halt and stopped at an all-night cafe for coffee before catching a few hours sleep. Over their coffee the weary deputy argued: "Chief, we have no motive; and I still don't understand how you figure it's this man——"

"No, we have no motive, I admit, but you're going to help me get it later," said the sheriff. "How I figured this guy is easy. When this old man called at the Strang house he asked for Walter Kangas, but later when he saw Walter Kangas he asked for John Kangas. So I reasoned that all this man wanted at the Strangs was to be seen.

"Now if old man Francheau, who answers the description of the killer, had committed the crime he wouldn't have appeared at the Strang household, because he is known there.

"The reason the killer wanted people to see and describe an old man is because he is young!

"He tries to hide his identity with disguise among the local people—therefore he is a local man.

"Then I considered young Kovalcik. He has a good alibi which I checked with the Cleveland police. But how about the time he slept in his car? Nobody saw him leave Cleveland. The time he was supposed to have slept might have been occupied in driving to Geneva to commit the crime. He's five feet ten inches tall, a mechanic and he pointed out a suspect to me.

"It's four o'clock now. All you have to do between now and ten o'clock this morning is to get some sleep, then go to Kovalcik's house and turn it upside down—but get the makeup!"

At ten that morning the deputy reported hollow-eyed but happy. He carried a bundle containing makeup material such as is used in amateur theatricals—putty, pencils, powder and false hair. With a grin, the sheriff said, "Good, I knew you would find them at his house. And now I'm hoping that this dictophone will give us the motive we need so badly to put this dum dum manufacturer where he belongs."

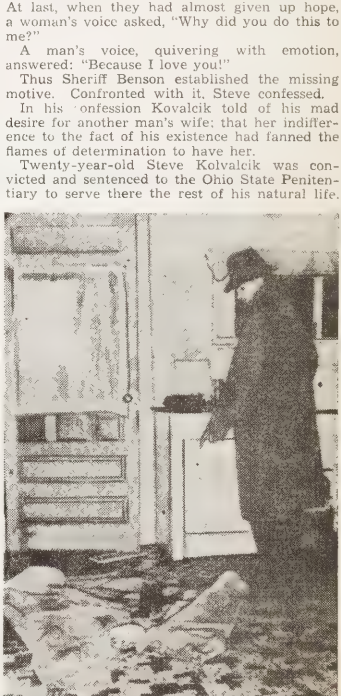
A half hour later, stony-faced Steve Kovalcik was seated in Sheriff Benson's office. When Lila Kangas walked in and sat down opposite him, Kovalcik's face remained impassive. They were alone. For fully five minutes the officers at the earphones strained to hear the slightest sound. At last, when they had almost given up hope, a woman's voice asked, "Why did you do this to me?"

A man's voice, quivering with emotion, answered: "Because I love you!"

Thus Sheriff Benson established the missing motive. Confronted with it, Steve confessed.

In his confession Kovalcik told of his mad desire for another man's wife; that her indifference to the fact of his existence had fanned the flames of determination to have her.

Twenty-year-old Steve Kolvalcik was convicted and sentenced to the Ohio State Penitentiary to serve there the rest of his natural life.



Reporters and police searched every inch of the crime scene for a key to the mystery.

Doctors Dissect Their 'Sins'

(Continued from page 27)

to his name but oblivion could not shroud it. For while he forbade funeral service, directed his remains to be burned and the ashes scattered in the Straits of San Juan de Fuca and forbade any monument or memorial to bear his name, the will itself forbidding fame made him immortal in the profession if his skill as a surgeon did not render him unforgettable.

Dr. McLean was a horse and buggy doctor, carrying his instruments in a battered old leathern case, and when the automobile came, he drove a car that looked like an ancient vehicle. But the famous "Horse and Buggy Doctor," of course, is Dr. Arthur E. Hertzler, of Kansas, and his autobiography, while a defense of the profession, concedes its faults ,but blames the patients, or rather, the sufferers from disease for their condition. Also, he strikes vigorously at the Health Survey report. Listen now to Dr. Hertzler, speaking through forty years' experience:

"We hear that there are a lot of tears shed because this one-third of the great American people are without medical care. I wonder where these persons live? I know this country west from the Father of Waters and they are not here.

"It is true that in times past people were frequently imposed on by the pseudo-specialist. He decided to be one and lo—he was such. Now, however, the various specialists have separated the trained specialist from the pseudo-specialists. Any prospective patient can secure such lists by appealing to any secretary of a medical society, local or State."

But practitioners as able as Dr. Hertzler disagree with him and especially on the specialist situation. Dr. Martin Ross, eminent surgeon, in an article in the American Magazine analyzed "The Sinus Racket" by which so-called specialists exploit trusting patients. He uttered a sweeping condemnation also of the specialist racket in general. Conceding that most specialists are qualified experts in specific diseases, Dr. Ross declared, despite Dr. Hertzler's statement, that it is still possible for any doctor to become a specialist simply by saying so.

Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association and spokesman for that powerful organization opposed to Federal socialized medicine, admitted:

"Many a prized dog or race horse gets much better medical care than thousands of human beings because the owner of the animal can and is willing to pay for proper care. The vast majority of human beings fail to appreciate the cash value of the human body. The possessor of a prize Pekinese never thinks of the bill when in need of medical service."

In another statement, Dr. Fishbein asserted that sickness was as inevitable as death and added:

"Let us teach that 2,000,000 people are sick every day in a 120,000,000 population. This number is not likely to change in the future, even with considerable advance in preventive medicine."

In virtually every big city, illustrations of lack of medical service are rolling into official records. A Philadelphia mother, about to bear a child, was refused admittance to two hospitals and several doctors declined to leave their homes for various reasons while her child was born in a furnished room.

In the same city, indignation reigned because Jimmy Kappas, an 11-year-old victim of infantile paralysis, was brought there from Williamsport, Penn., for treatment in an iron lung.

The pathetic patient was ordered out of the hospital—but by a modern miracle, he recovered. Less lucky was four-year-old Dolores Waldis, stricken in her home in Woodbury, N. J., close to Philadelphia. The babe's parents asked permission to have her taken to a hospital for treatment in an iron lung. Philadelphia refused, even though Dr. James C. Lovett, Director of the Camden Hospital, where Dolores was hurried, pleaded for the child's life. Dolores died, a victim of red tape.

In New York City, a great hospital was alleged to have refused to give Mrs. Josephine Kapuscinka treatment in childbirth and her daughter was born in her home without medical attention. Four doctors in the institution said she was suffering from a tumor, not maternity, it was stated. But when publicity followed the babe's birth, the hospital took the infant in—to an incubator, for the conditions imposed on the mother apparently caused premature birth.

These are not isolated instances. The Movement to End Mystery in Medicine is rapidly circling the globe. Great Britain is far more excited than America and Harley Street, which is to London physicians and surgeons what Downing Street is to diplomats and statesmen, is suffering from a siege by public sentiment.

Embers of the controversy were lighter three years ago when it was announced officially that an English physician admitted having killed five of his patients whom he believed incurable, in the interests of mercy.

But the British public followed up the revelations while Dr. Fishbein here was admitting that a certain group of American doctors were seeking the right to put to death incurable, pain-wracked patients. Ursula Bloom, noted novelist, wrote an article, published in The London Express, asserting:

"If Hamlet were able to speak today, he would have said: 'There is something rotten in the State of Medicine.' I complain bitterly of the doctor who bustles you to his pet specialist or accepts a rake-off from that specialist. I have known Hell! I complain of the specialist who, hurrying to a party, told my best friend plainly he was suffering from cancer and 'better face up to it.'

"He went to his party and my friend shot himself that night. It did not worry the doctor because the law of murder is not applied to medicine. Medicine can juggle with the law and the law won't lift a finger. It knows better.

"A doctor can do no wrong unless he dabbles in abortion. If, as a last desperate gesture, you die on him, he sends a wreath which he gets at half price."

Truly, at home and abroad, the ancient and honorable profession of medicine is on trial—and the jury is listening to all the evidence. And are the faces of the pseudo-specialists red!

Let Us Have Truth

(Continued from page 5)

of rapid dissemination of all kinds of knowledge," Dr. Matsner points out, "one cannot very well maintain morality with ignorance.

"If present day plain-speaking proves anything, we can take hope from the younger generation which, I am convinced, is much more honest with itself and whose standards are higher than ever before."

On the other hand the clergy as frequently maintains that in all sex education the emphasis is in the wrong place—that is, the stress is put upon knowledge rather than self-control, which "cannot be given by teaching or preaching."

As Father Richard H. Tierney, S. J., puts it: "Sex instruction will not give character, if for no other reason, because it is not deep and comprehensive enough.

"A medical doctor told me that the pastor of some boys who had attended lectures on sex hygiene complained that he found his boys joking and laughing unseemingly over the picture drawn by the lecturer on the board. There is scarcely need of pointing the lesson, but I will say that we cannot afford to concentrate the attention of our children on sex details. Safety lies in diverting their attention from them.

"Two of the great natural protections of our children are modesty, or reserve, if you will, and shame; not prudery, mark you, but healthy and healthful shame. But the public and frequent discussion of sex details will destroy both. Familiarity will breed carelessness. The lesson of the class will become the topic of conversation. Reserve will go. Shame will disappear. Discriminating critics have attributed the deplorable conditions of morals in one of our high schools to this very cause."

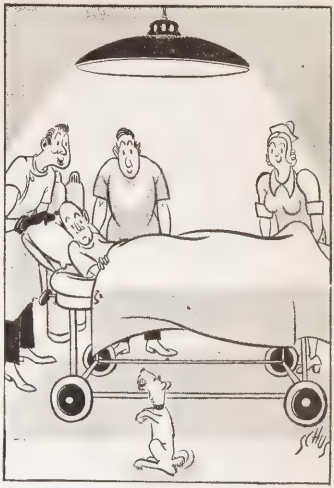
To which the Rev. Ignatius W. Cox, S. J., Professor of Ethics at Fordham University, adds: "Even modern psychology does not deny the Biblical axiom that it is not good for man to be alone. The sexes complement each other, emotionally, mentally, psychically as well as physically. . . . Thus it is love, not lust, that leads to the formation of that intimate union wherein, according to Nature's intention, children are born. To reduce love to the level of lust is to ignore the most basic facts in human nature. Love is something much more far-reaching than sex, and only an imperfect analysis will identify it with lust."

"Education gives the lie to many corrupting ideas that are whispered about," says Dr. Ernest R. Groves, a professor in the Sociology Department of N. C. U., who literally "wrote the book" on this new science, for "Marriage" is considered by all co-educators to be its "bible."

"There are many boys in my courses," the professor says, "who ask, 'Is it true that I shall be a better husband if I have love affairs before marriage?'"

"That, of course," he explains, "is not so. Then there is a growing opinion among engaged girls that if they cannot be married for a year or more the best way to hold their fiance is to step over the line.

"I do not stop to tell these girls that it is wrong. Desperately in love, they are willing to break laws to bring about what they fully expect to be a happy marriage. I show them by case after case that such a step is most dangerous, that love will cool under such conditions."



"He wants a bone."

"Maybe you'd better take over, papa!"

Sin in High Society

(Continued from page 17)

A psychologist must doubt it. All of us are born with the same instincts, and the only difference is in the amount of restriction that we feel obliged to put upon them. Three main factors make the forms of giving way to instinct which are generally called sin easier for people of high social and financial standing:

1. To begin with, there's the principle expressed in the old saying: "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." As a rule it's not so much the people who have made a lot of money themselves who go in for sexual promiscuity and general dissipation; it's the children and grandchildren of these people, who have no need for ambition and no chance to taste the pleasures of achievement.

2. Then again, the children of fashionable people usually are brought up by nurses and governesses, to whom they don't feel the strong attachment that the average child has for his parents. They therefore inevitably become more wrapped up themselves and have less feeling for other people than a normal youngster, and come to regard themselves and their own pleasures as the only things that matter.

3. Most important of all is the psychological effect of a secure position in life on our moral inhibitions. All morality is based on fear, to start with. We are taught as children that if we do wrong something will happen to us (it may be a spanking or a punishment from On High), and the feeling generally stays in our minds. So if we do what we have been taught we must not, we experience the vague dread which we know as "pangs of conscience." But if, as we grow up, circumstances tend to make us feel we are so safe and secure that nothing can touch us, our fears are proportionately weakened, and we come to feel that we can do as we please. So whatever—like great wealth and undisputed social standing—makes us feel secure is apt to weaken our moral inhibitions, and whatever makes us insecure to strengthen those inhibitions.

The only exception is the people who are so completely under-privileged that security of any kind is out of the question for them. At the bottom of the social and economic scale there is a group who are so desperate that nothing matters to them; and these generally are completely without inhibitions except in a very few fields. This is why "sin" (as the theologians call it) is commonest at the top and bottom of the social structure, and least common in the middle classes. It explains the age-old fact that relatively poor, hard-working people, now as always, constitute the moral backbone of the nation.

World's End— as Science Sees It

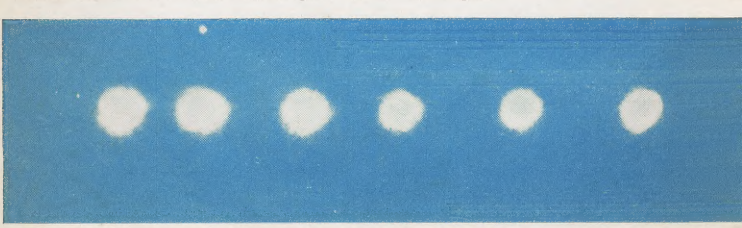
(Continued from page 23)

with electric lights, modern plumbing and the sanctuaries of civilization in general, to believe that "the authorities," national, state or municipal, would allow any such trespass as the approach of another planet, even a minor one. What would they be thinking of not to take steps to prevent such an outrage? What, indeed?

Only a few years ago an asteroid—one of the many thousand minor planets which wheel their way about the sun in orbits between those of Mars and Jupiter—came very close to knocking the spots off the earth. Dr. Karl Reinmuth, of the Heidelberg Observatory, discovered this small body, which he named Hermes, hurtling towards the earth at a tremendous rate of speed. It was observed for some time and then disappeared. Its orbit or path was calculated and it was found to have come within less, by several thousand miles, than 400,000 miles of the earth—nearer than anything else but the moon itself. Whew! What a close shave for the earth and for you and for us all! A runaway planet! But, fortunately for us, it swerved and hurried out again into the darkness.

Our escape this time changes the picture by only a hair's breadth. Some day such a collision may actually occur. So far it has not. But we are young. Our planet has been in existence only a paltry two or three billion years. What may be in store for us in the future no one knows.

Ordinarily, however, the asteroids, like the planets, seem to be under control, and to move in well-defined orbits. But if one ever does run completely amuck, then the earth-dweller will be in for a show he has never seen before, and never will see again.



The Asteroid, Eros approaches too close for comfort. It is shown, above, photographed on six consecutive nights.

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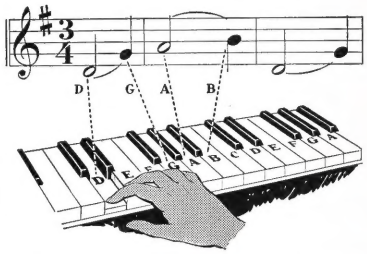

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